



SATURDAY MORNING,

JANUARY 20, 1917.

MISSING AVIATORS, ALIVE, FOUND BY RESCUE PARTY.

The War on Water.

GERMAN SEA RAIDER IN GULF OF MEXICO.

Importation of Oil from Tampico to Great Britain May be Stopped.

(By A. P. NIGHT WIRE)

MEXICO CITY, Jan. 19.—Insistent rumors come from Vera Cruz that the German commerce raider now is in the Gulf of Mexico. It is expected in Vera Cruz, the reports add, that she will make an effort to cut off the oil ships en route to the Tampico fields for England.

There is no confirmation of the rumors here.

NEW YORK, Jan. 19.—Possibility of an attack on the ports of the United States and French West Indies by a German raider has created alarm among officials and residents of the islands. Every possible precaution is being taken by authorities according to Henry Cartwright of London, who arrived here today in British steamship Parima. The Indian ports, Mr. Cartwright just completed a tour of duty as representative of the British Admiralty in the Suez Canal route were received well before Christmas. At that time he had learned that the Magdalena, he said, had been loaded at the Indian ports ready to reach England. On receipt of news of the raiders' movement he strengthened the defense of the ports. The Magdalena, he said, had been loaded at Trinidad under cruise and was reported to have taken refuge in Martinique.

WARNING IS FLASHED.

Warning to shipping of an Englishman who arrived here today in British steamship Parima.

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SHIP'S STAY AT CAPE.

(By A. P. NIGHT WIRE)

BALTIMORE, Jan. 19.—Since confirmed news of the operations of the German commerce raiders in the two days ago the ship of the belligerent nations has passed out of the Virginia capes from this port for Europe.

THIRTY-FIVE SHIPS HAVE ENDED HERE DURING THE LAST TWO DAYS, BRINGING THE TOTAL IN PORT UP TO SEVENTY-ONE.

Many of the ships have been forced to anchor in the average because of lack of wharfage to accommodate all. The majority of the vessels here fly the British flag.

CHINESE ON TRIAL.

(By A. P. NIGHT WIRE)

BUENOS AIRES, Jan. 19.—According to newspapers here, two British cruisers have left the Falkland Islands in search of the German raider.

(Continued on Second Page.)

Men's Flannel Shirts, \$2.00

—A remarkably fine trouper at this price! Of extremely fine quality, with cuff bottoming, patch pockets, and belt loops; in light and dark shades; waist 29 to 42 waist measure—\$2.00.

(Men's Store—Today)

Men's Corduroy Trouser, \$3.00

—A remarkable fine trouper at this price! Of extremely fine quality, with cuff bottoming, patch pockets, and belt loops; in light and dark shades; waist 29 to 42 waist measure—\$3.00.

(Men's Store—Today)

Men's Savers { \$1.00

Men's Savers { \$4.50

Men's Savers { \$2.00

Men's Savers { \$5.50

Men's Savers { \$7.50

Men's Savers { \$10.00

Men's Savers { \$12.00

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ern Front.

POINCARE IS FOR MORE WAR

Cannot Stop Now Until France Has Borne All Reparation Assured.

France has borne all its sufferings silently.

But is grateful for America's best intentions.

INT. ATLANTIC CANAL AND RIVER PARIS, Jan. 19.—President Poincaré has received Edward Phillips, an American newspaper writer, at his residence in Paris, and in regard to Poincaré's note and the reply of the Entente Allies. The text of the interview appears in these words:

"We are condemned to remain in war until we, our allies and ourselves, can shake off the responsibility by the aggression which we have been the victims of—sacrifice to which we have always been ready, and which we have made for the cause which we have suffered."

"May I tell America that France, our friend, even though we are fighting with her, the Americans are fighting with us."

"The United States of America and France are closely united by the same common traditions, the same attachment to freedom, the same desire to arm themselves and asked your good regulations against us."

GRAYSON IS REAR-ADmirAL.

JOURNAL NOT SCANDAL.

Miss Who Would Like House Being Promoted Has Served in Congress.

REPORTER REPORTS.

WILHELM OF HANOVER, Jan. 19.—Springing upon the confirmation of Dr. William Phillips to President Wilson's cabinet, the Foreign Service has so far failed to secure popular support because it is not only that we are asked to help him, but also that he is asked to do with the foreign commerce of America. A mistaken view of the relations of this government with other governments; in other words, upon the support which through diplomacy our government gives to the foreign service.

"Until comparatively recently the diplomatic service was regarded as a good birth for a man who had failed in his work in the army and who through life in foreign capitals as the representative of Uncle Sam could without further effort enjoy social life in its most aristocratic circles."

"But the high function of the diplomatic service is that of spokesman of the American people. In many foreign countries we are known, and their attitude towards us and towards our country is largely governed by the personal and consular officers resident in that country—the only Americans who are actually visible."

"We must see, therefore, that our foreign service is not only a means to command the respect of other peoples, and who know how to interpret American history and traditions, but also to serve the United States held its own in the theater of the world's politics where other nations employ their brains and abilities."

CANNOT STOP.

"Are you willing to make a statement with regard to President Wilson's note?" the correspondent asked.

"Knowing as we do the stand the Senate has taken on this question, it is difficult to conceive that the recent initiative of President Wilson," M. Poincaré said, "is at once convincing and the mind of the illustrious Frenchman suggests that the time has come to sign a peace really based on the principles of justice and of the strength in which we stand."

"The United States made no mistake about that."

AMUNDSEN MAKING POLAR TRIP PLANS.

BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 19.—Capt. Roald Amundsen discoverer of the South Pole is here conferring with the magnetic department of the Carnegie Institution regarding arrangements for his trip to the North Polar region.

The conference is perfectly arranged for the plan to lead across the continent, but after a short stay in the United States he will go to the Orient for a year.

The collection of the American and Canadian scientific expeditions which would spare no expense in the equipment of such a venture.

AMUNDSEN'S PLAN.

BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 19.—A final report to Congress on the news print paper monopoly virtually was presented today by the Federal Trade Commission and will be prepared tomorrow for submission. The commission already has turned over to the Department of Justice for use in possible prosecutions much of the information gathered.

The correspondence asked for the return of her lost property, their mother having died in the early days of the war and against the conclusion of a neutral.

In our report," said the Frenchwoman, "we also have the right to compensation for damages. It is the right which we have against the government."

NEW LEAK.

NEW YORK, Jan. 19.—Senator Newlands' statement to the Senate today that it was he who furnished to Interstate Commerce Commissioner Daniels while it was held before the Senate Committee on Education and Labor took from the speech of Senator Cummins striking the commissioner's confirmation.

Opponents of Commissioner Daniels said that during preparation of the speech he was enabled to prepare a reply.

After the statement of Senator Daniels, the Senate went into executive session to consider the resolution of Senator Morris to investigate the disclosure of the speech.

OPPOSE MONOPOLY.

BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 19.—More opposition to the bill for government monopoly of wireless was presented today before the House.

Opponents of the proposal, mainly of Harvard, who characterized the proposal as nothing less than an attempt to curtail the freedom of the air, were joined by the

Senate, which had voted to do the same thing.

Today, when war has ended upon the world, the power must not be given to the government to control the air.

And just as the people of the United States have been instrumental in the formation of the Entente Allies,

so that the natural power of the world should be used to do the same thing.

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The Times Free Information Bureau
619 South Spring Street

THE TIMES FREE INFORMATION AND REPORT BUREAU is for the accommodation and benefit of persons seeking interesting routes of travel, desirable hotels and restaurants, and information concerning the various forms of transportation available. Persons are furnished by competent attendants and by correspondence to the Bureau complete lists and descriptions of railroads and steamship lines, hotels and restaurants, and heating rates and attractions of various cities and towns. Persons are kept on hand for inspection and distribution. Times readers can obtain information concerning the best routes for travel, the most comfortable and convenient for a safe and comfortable journey or vacation. This service is entirely free.

PERSONS CONTEMPLATING TRAVELING BY LAND AND SEA ARE ADVISED TO HAVE THEIR MAIL ADDRESSED TO THE BUREAU.

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ARLINGTON HOTEL

SANTA BARBARA

An absolutely fireproof Hotel—All Outside Rooms, affording plenty of light and air—Headquarters for Tourists from all parts of the world. Private Lavatories in connection with all rooms. Ideal climate for your vacation. Automobile road is now perfect. 3½ hours' drive from Los Angeles to Santa Barbara. Unexcelled facilities for care of automobiles in hotel grounds.

H. P. DUNN, Lessee.

The Most Attractive and Sportiest Golf Links in California.

By the Sea



"The House of Hospitality"
Famed for its general hospitality, this house always lives up to its good name. Location, beauty and convenience have given this magnificent resort a world-famous reputation.

AMERICAN PLAN
ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF
Countless diversions—Plenty of recreation for guests. Golf at the Virginia Country Club, maintaining the sportiest 18-hole course in Southern California; the asphalt courts Jolting hotel. Picnic and tennis courts, swimming pool, and the like. Dining room, 1000 seats. Table d'Hôte dinner, from 1 P.M. to 8 P.M. Wm. F. NESTLETT, Mgr.

Lambert Treatment

Each ladies is devoted principally to the treatment of tuberculosis. The Lambert Treatment is the only specific recognized by the medical fraternity. Quite home-like place.

WEST HOLLYWOOD.

TEL. HOLLY 1-51.

RADIUM SULPHUR SPRINGS

Minerals, water and radium, natural curative mineral waters. It purifies blood, tones up the body, cures rheumatism, neuralgia, neuritis, neurasthenia, scrofula, diabetes, stomach, liver, kidney, bladder, blood, bright's, nervous and heart diseases. Dr. Wm. Lowe, West Hollywood, Calif., owner. Address: 1000 N. Western Ave., West Hollywood, Calif.

CAMP BALDY

WINTER MOUNTAIN RESORT. Reached by 4700 feet elevation. Complete equipment 4700 feet elevation. Winter service. Auto stage meets visitors by appointment. Address: CAMP BALDY COMPANY, CAMP BALDY, CAL.

Mt. Lowe \$200 Excursions

On Sale Every Day by Agents Only. Return tickets \$200. Single tickets \$100. Return tickets \$200. Single tickets \$100. Five trains daily from Main and Main. Ask P. E. Information Bureau.

THE VENICE PLUNGE

OPEN EVERY DAY IN THE HOT SALT BATHS PLUNGE TEMPERATURE 60 DEG.

ELJA ARMS—REDONDO, CAL.

THE PERFECT APARTMENT HOTEL

Grand opening, new parlor, tea-rooms, etc. One of the finest appointed hotels on the Pacific Coast. Rates \$1.50 per day up. Mrs. L. J. Maunsel, Prop. Sunset 47, Home Hill.

CATALINA

BANNING LINE SHIPS TO CATALINA (agents for all passengers), makes daily to Catalina. Address: 104 Pacific Electric Building, Los Angeles, Calif.

Los Angeles Hotels and Apartments

Million-Dollar Popular-Price NEW ROSSLYN HOTEL

HOTEL, PROPS. \$1 PER DAY UP.

ROSSLYN, LAKEWOOD HOTEL, Etc. \$1.50—\$2.50 ROSSLYN, \$1.50—\$2.50 ROSSLYN.

Steamships

SAN FRANCISCO PORTLAND STEAMSHIP CO

STEAMSHIP ROSE CITY

Sails Tuesday Jan. 23rd San Francisco & Portland

Only Through Steamers Los Angeles to Portland.

From Portland, North and Middle Pacific, San Joaquin, Sacramento, C. G. KRUEGER, Vice Pres. Art.

517 South Spring St. Home 1204. Main 1204.

EXCURSIONS

\$4 San Diego & Return

\$16 San Francisco & Rct.

\$49 Seattle, Tacoma, Rct.

Harvard, Yale, Governor, President, Umatilla, Queen

Daily Service to San Francisco and Seattle (EXCEPT TUESDAYS)

Daylight San Diego Trips—Sunday, Wednesday, Friday

THROUGH TICKETS TO ALL POINTS IN U. S., CANADA, ALASKA, HONOLULU, JAPAN, CHINA, AUSTRALIA.

Pacific Steamship Co., 624 South Spring Street

South Raymond, Pasadena.

American-Hawaiian STEAMSHIP COMPANY

All American and U. S. Pacific ports are canceled until May 1st, 1917, and will remain so for pamphlets.

Union S. S. Co. of New Zealand

San Francisco, San Francisco, and Joint Steamship and Railroad Agents.

CHICAGO AND EAST

EVERY DAY

Through Salt Lake City

LOS ANGELES LIMITED

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

Wrestling.

KERVARAS WORKS IN RAIN.

moff Fails to Arrive and Rain Practice.

Lewis in Good Shape for the Boat.

Lewis Match is Still in Rumor Stage.

HOROWITZ ANGERS.

somewhere between here and San Francisco—Constantine Kervaras, the Russian wrestler.

Kervaras' WIFE ARRIVED.

Accident Reveals Very Sad Case.

Husband Dies, then Painfully Injured.

Prominent, but Lost All in Illness.

LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE.

BIRMINGHAM, Jan. 20.—Another man was added yesterday to the list of the victims of the France accident when a hospital ambulance in which Mrs. Nellie France of No. 1200 North Avenue was riding crossed on Fair Oaks Avenue at the farm. She was injured in such a way which followed when she skidded on the hill and hit a tree.

JUST EXACTLY.

Greek was like a wild man.

He was prostrated by crowning sorrow.

He was a blind man.

Finally, at 6 o'clock, he was excited.

Kervaras piled into his car.

The Greek was another ambulance to a hospital. She is expected to be home without fail.

Neighbors are caring for the young children of the France.

France at one time was a well-known singer in Riverside and at the station in Los Angeles.

The mind and loss of

at one time recently both husband and wife were in the same time. Both had been ill.

Today Mrs. France told

she had come to the trial.

TO KNOW.

F. Kernaghan has received

of the uses of

automobiles and

lost his life in the

the number of

the number of

and would be glad to

with additional information.

Mr. Kernaghan declared

communication. "I now avail

myself of the services of

the press," he said.

Kernaghan regards

these automobile

are taken

by officials or employees

of the city.

L.A.C. will only meet about

worth of spectators it would

be advisable for the club

to continue to consider

visiting the Greek and A

here if the Greek becomes

more popular.

Lewis worked out

with his manager, and

cutting standards.

A player who is

the city officials.

RESEARCH WORK.

A. Noyes of the Mass-

Institute in Pasadena is

conducting research work

in the new building at Throop

College, the communications

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SUNDAY MORNING.

20, 1917.—[PART I]

Classified Liners.**BUSINESS CHANCES—
Business Clubs Unorganized.****MONEY TO LOAN—
Real Estate and Improvements.**WE FARNWORTH EROR, 1027 VAN NUYS
BROOKLYN, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK,
EDWARD C. CRIB CO., 1027 VAN NUYS
BROOKLYN, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK,
MONEY TO LOAN ANY AMOUNT
TO BUY, BUILD, RENT, SELL, TRADE,
FOR SALE—HOTEL, LOCATED IN CITY IN
PRIVATE NEIGHBORHOOD, REVENUE \$100 PER
MONTH, FOR SALE, SEE DALTON, 274 BROADWAY,
NEW YORK.

FOR SALE—

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FOR SALE—

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FOR SALE—

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FOR SALE—

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FOR SALE—

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WANTED

Ever-advancing South

THE CITY AND ENVIRONS.

EVENTS BRIEFLY TOLD

Missouri Alumni to Meet.

Members of the Missouri University Alumni Association of Southern California will hold a meeting this evening at Cleveland Hall, Wilshire Auditorium.

A Sunday Outing.

Members of the Westerners will meet at First street and Vermont avenue at 10 o'clock tomorrow morning for a ride over the Griffith Park bridge and up Cactus Canyon.

DEPUTIES RESIGN.

Fenton G. Thompson and George O. White, deputies in the office of United States Marshal Walton, yesterday tendered their resignations to take effect March 1. Mr. White was admitted to the bar some time ago and will practice his profession.

On Sweden.

M. Endredestad, noted Swedish editor, will deliver a lecture on Sweden at the Hotel Clinton Saturday evening. His entrance is now touring America, gathering material for a series of articles to be published in forty-five different papers of his native land.

Lamens Honor Guest.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Lummis will be honor guests at the annual banquet of the "Scribblers" to be held this evening at the Governor's Inn at 5:30 p.m. Dr. Hadwick will give a talk on the short story, and violin and vocal solos will complete the programme.

On Flood Bonds.

Supervising Engineer Woodley and Flood Control Engineer Roaman will take opposite ends of a debate on the desirability of voting \$4,456,000 for flood control work at a meeting of the City Council tonight at the Broadway Department Store, cafe. Mr. Woodley will take the negative, and violin and vocal solos will complete the programme.

St. Paul's Birthday Party.

The monthly meeting of St. Paul's Episcopal Church will be given today to a birthday party to be given at the parish house next Thursday (St. Paul's Day) evening at 8 o'clock. Women are invited to the invitation to drop a penny for each year of your life and then to "tote" it to the parish house, where mirth will repay you for your trouble. Age secrets will be strictly kept.

Credit Men's Meeting.

The monthly meeting of the Los Angeles Credit Men's Association will be held next Tuesday evening at the Hotel Los Angeles. The principal speaker of the evening will be Police Judge White, who will give his topic the subject "Am I Right?" Mr. W. Burnham, superintendent of the Los Angeles branch of R. G. Dun & Co., who will speak on "Co-operation."

Kansas Society to Meet.

At a meeting of the Kansas Society of Southern California, composed of officers of all the societies in the Southland, at the office of Dr. J. Harvey Moore, president, arrangements were made for a joint annual banquet to be held at the Union League Club on January 26th, 1917. Mr. V. V. Anderson, Civil Engineer of Pasadena, dinner at \$1 per plate will be served before the technical session.

Vitality.

WINNER IN A LONG RACE WITH DEATH.

YOUTH WOUNDED ON DESERT; SALES FAR FOR DOCTOR.

Accidental Discharge of Gun Starts Thirty-five-mile Dash to Barstow and Trip by Train to Anaheim—Twenty-mile Strain is Endured.

After racing thirty-five miles across the desert by buggy and automobile to Barstow and from there to Anaheim by train, and being twenty hours practically without medical attention, Chester Acker, 26 years old, the victim of the accidental discharge of a rifle, will live.

Dr. Acker was wounded at 1 o'clock this afternoon. While hunting with his father near the latter's homestead, thirty-five miles from Barstow, the youth in getting a shot at a squirrel, turned toward him to fire again. The weapon exploded, the bullet striking young Acker in the shoulder.

From the spot where the accident happened to the nearest habitation is six miles. Mr. Acker, Sr., and the wounded youth made the trip in a buggy, and the owner of the ranch carried them the intervening twenty-five miles to Barstow in an automobile.

After racing thirty-five miles across the desert by buggy and automobile to Barstow and from there to Anaheim by train, and being twenty hours practically without medical attention, Chester Acker, 26 years old, the victim of the accidental discharge of a rifle, will live.

On the spur of the moment he had no money, so he telephoned to his physician, Mr. Acker, and the wounded youth made the trip in a buggy, and the owner of the ranch carried them the intervening twenty-five miles to Barstow in an automobile.

After racing thirty-five miles across the desert by buggy and automobile to Barstow and from there to Anaheim by train, and being twenty hours practically without medical attention, Chester Acker, 26 years old, the victim of the accidental discharge of a rifle, will live.

Avoid the Congestion

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Development. SHOWS WHY WE NEED A SUBWAY

**Association Official Tells
Rotarians of Benefits.****Says it will Relieve City's
Traffic Congestion.****Prominent Citizens Indorse
Underground Project.**

Edwin P. Benjamin, secretary of the Subway Rapid Transit Association, was the guest of the Rotary Club at a luncheon given at the Alexandria yesterday, attended by about 150 members.

Mr. Benjamin spoke on the subway, dwelling at length on its history to date and saying that it is an absolute necessity because of the growth of the city in wealth, population and area.

He also showed how it would relieve congestion of traffic in various ways, and the great help it would be in the upbuilding of the communities tributary to it.

Following are some of the more recent endorsements to the project:

"I believe the opening of the proposed subway would very much assist the city in removing the present intense and hazardous congestion in traffic. To the surrounding territory, especially the beach cities, it will mean a great shortening in time of transit."

(Signed) "I. N. BERKELEY,
President, Merchants' Association,

"I note with much satisfaction the interest that you and other business men are taking in calling the attention of the Pacific Electric Railway company to the urgent need of the early construction of a subway from Hill-street Station to Vineyard."

"If there is anything I can possibly do to help you in this matter, I will be only too glad to do it, and want you to know that my services are at your command."

R. F. MCLELLAN,
Supervisor, Fifth District.

"The greatest growth of Los Angeles during the past ten years has been in the direction to be served by this great improvement. Nothing could add more to the convenience of the city than the proposed subway, which will add tremendously to the value of property tributary thereto, and will be of great benefit to the working classes."

"It is the desire of the people who reside in the great San Fernando Valley that the building of this subway, and not the one proposed in the path of any improvement. Transportation in any direction from the center of the city will add tremendously to the value of property tributary thereto, and will be of great benefit to the working classes."

Mr. Benjamin closed his speech by giving Musterole to the patients.

They will gladly give what relief it gives to those who are suffering from sore throat, bronchitis, colds, stiff muscles, neuralgia, congestion, pleurisy, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and aches of the back or joints, sprains, sore muscles, bruises, chilblains, frost, colds of the chest (it often prevents pneumonia).

Musterole is a clear, white ointment made with the oil of mustard. It does not burn, nor is it irritating to the skin. It gives a strong sore throat, bronchitis, colds, stiff muscles, neuralgia, congestion, pleurisy, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and aches of the back or joints, sprains, sore muscles, bruises, chilblains, frost, colds of the chest (it often prevents pneumonia).

Many doctors and nurses use and highly recommend it.

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RY 20, 1917.—[PART I]

Price of War.

NEED AMERICAN MADE PRODUCT

Australian Importer Tells Growing Demands.

Japanese Machinery is Not All Satisfactory.

Country's Development Back Many Years.

Australia wants American goods, according to Archie Tait, importer of hardware and machinery of Sydney, New South Wales, with his wife and Mrs. H. R. Row of Melbourne, registered at Westminster.

"We are forced to use much makeshift Japanese goods that are not wanted and would not be accepted were any other made obtainable," he said. "We want much better American-made products because they are nearer what we have been using in Europe prior to the war."

Had it not been that Mr. Tait was an invalid at the time of his arrival, he would have been responsible for him to have been in Australia. "What assurance do you have that the city will accept us?" he asked.

"In strange times, when we cannot even our lives are our 'confidential' secret, we are not entitled. Our streets are safe when we have lost an arm or a leg, hearing or maimed limbs. We are the bravest people on the streets is wearing kilts in training to go to war or living just returned."

"We are paying 25 per cent more for gas than we did when we raised to a third and fifth more in the near future. When we have left at home are the extremes and the cost of living is still more in our development. Will not be many years in our development."

Mrs. Tait declared women in Australia have little in common. "Our race are in a constant description, though the number of those who are will come, but this failed to carry them over. Their backers are patriotic. With us it's first and then Australia," declared the little woman, her eyes glowing with enthusiasm. "The natives in Australia were patriotic to the core of their adoption. There are hundreds of Australian-born men and even some who are English. Those who are English British branches with our boys," declared.

Stated: "The concentration camp offers from want of food the lack of sanitation and similar things. It was branded by Mrs. Farwell as falsehood. Only those who have been there can realize how such camps, while they have remained quiet and have been living without ever leaving their families and their homes, she declared."

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Two-YEAR JOB.

Determined.

NONDEMNATION WILL BE FOUGHT TO LAST DITCH.

Faith Charged to City by the Los Angeles Gas and Electric.

Commission. That \$100,000 was spent for nothing, but that's only the line with other prodigal expenditures.

"In the proceedings to condemn the Los Angeles Gas and Electric Corporation will be fought to the last ditch, according to a statement made last night by Champ S. Bauch, vice-president of the corporation.

"We are forced to use much makeshift Japanese goods that are not wanted and would not be accepted were any other made obtainable," he said. "We want much better American-made products because they are nearer what we have been using in Europe prior to the war."

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Two-YEAR JOB.

It will probably take at least two years before the city can acquire the Los Angeles Gas and Electric

B. Blackstone Co.

318-320-322 South Broadway

On Account of Rain
ALL ITEMS

Advertised for Thursday in
Our Big January

\$5

CLEARANCE

Will Be Continued on Sale
Today, (SATURDAY)

\$100, \$12.50, \$15 to \$20 Ostrich Plumes. \$5.00

Wool Sweaters, Vals. to \$10.00-\$5.00

High-class Winter Hats, Vals. to \$27.50...\$5.00

Model Embroidered Scarfs, Vals. to \$15.00...\$5.00

Blouses: \$7.50 to \$9.50 Vals....\$5.00

Petticoats Underpinned at.....\$5.00

Young Values in Lingerie Petticoats at.....\$5.00

Negligees; Big Values to \$10.00....\$5.00

Night Gowns, Remarkable Value at.....\$5.00

Children's Dresses, Values to \$6.00 & \$6.50 Chiffon Velvets. Yard. \$5.00

Children's Sweaters marked "way down" at.....\$5.00

Children's Coats were \$7.50, NOW.....\$5.00

Children's Dresses, Values to \$7.50, at.....\$5.00

Pair of \$1.00 Black Silk Hose for.....\$5.00

Special Value in Shaiki Rag Rugs at.....\$5.00

Wilton Rugs; won't last long at.....\$5.00

For Lace Curtains in \$7.50 Values at.....\$5.00

White Wool Blankets for Quick Buyers at.....\$5.00

Lambskin Comforts instead of \$7.50, pay.....\$5.00

White Bedspreads—\$6.50 Beauties for.....\$5.00

Bed Pillows—a great pair for.....\$5.00

Combos—Buy them early at.....\$5.00

Table Napkins, Values to \$6.50, Dozen.....\$5.00

Mat, regularly at \$7.00, now.....\$5.00

Table Cloth, a dollar saved at.....\$5.00

One-dollar Bath Towels for.....\$5.00

Hand Bag, Values to \$10.00, for.....\$5.00

Combos, Comb and Jewelry to \$10.00 for.....\$5.00

Marabout Muffs in this Sale at.....\$5.00

Marabout Muffs and \$7.50 Chiffon Auto Scarfs for.....\$5.00

Be sure to come to our store and take advantage of our special sale.

Don't wait until after the sale to buy your Christmas gifts.

Our hours are 9 A.M. to 9 P.M. every day.

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RELIGIONS IN OUR OWN LAND

A Review of America's Great Preachers' Work.

From "Hell Fire" Evangelists to "New Thought."

General News of the Local Flocks and Shepherds.

Rev. E. Stanton Hodgin of the First Unitarian Church, having completed a series of sermons on "America's Gospel of Life and the Men Who Proclaimed It," in which he treated of the contributions of our American poets and literary men to our religious faith, is now beginning a series of lectures under the title "Our American Religions and Our Great Preachers."

In this series Channing, Hovey Ballou and Theodore Parker will be recalled as the greatest leaders of the early part of the nineteenth century who were forced out of the evangelical churches because of their insistence that religion is a natural expression of man and not of the supernatural. Horace Bushnell, Henry Ward Beecher and Phillips Brooks constitute a group who a little later stood for essentially the same thing as the Channing group, but the spirit of the times had so broadened that they were permitted to remain in the evangelical fold.

Robert G. Ingersoll is recognized as representing an extreme type of iconoclast who reacted from the crude "hell fire" revivalists who represented the other extreme. Christian Science and New Thought are treated sympathetically as the "New Mysticism," and the Billy Sunday type of evangelism referred to as "Commercialized Christianity."

Mr. Hodgin will speak on the various phases of religious experience in a series of Sunday morning sermons that will cover about three months, according to the following schedule:

January 21—"Preachers: Their Opportunities and Temptations; Sins of Omission and Commission."

January 25—"Discovery of a Divine Reality." The Duke of Marlborough: William Ellery Channing."

February 4—"Discovery of a Human Divinity: Rise of Universalism: Hovey Ballou."

February 11—"Discovery of the Divinity of Nature and the World Power: Theodore Parker."

February 18—Subject to be selected.

February 25—"Inclusive Christianity: Paul, Preacher, Theologian: Horace Bushnell."

March 4—"Vanishing Lines: The New Universalism: Henry Ward Beecher."

March 11—"A Needed Iconoclast: Robert G. Ingersoll."

March 25—"Lend-a-Hand Religion: Edward Everett Hale."

April 1—"The New Mysticism: Its Intellectual Side, Christian Science." Mary Baker Eddy.

April 8—"Easter Sunday: A Resurrected America."

April 15—"The New Mysticism: Its Intellectual Side, New Thought: Henry Wood."

April 22—"Commercialized Christianity: Sensationalism Systematized: Billy Sunday."

TRINITY AUDITORIUM.

SERMON ON MODERN WOMAN.

Dr. Charles C. Selecman will preach in Trinity Auditorium tomorrow morning on "The Gospel of Woman," a sermon especially interesting to Sunday-school workers. In the afternoon he will speak on "The Modern Woman." Husband have been invited to write him concerning their views as the sort of message that should be given to the women of Los Angeles, and those views will be presented. Special musical features have been provided for each service. A lecture on the Yosemite Valley, illustrated with two sets of lantern slides, will be given at 7 to 7:30 o'clock by David M. Curran. The sacred concern in the afternoon will be given by the Hand Jubilee Singers, with characteristic plantation melodies and readings from Dunbar, the negro poet.

BISHOP BASFORD.

FIRST METHODIST CHURCH.

Bishop James W. Basford, who is conceded to be the most distinguished Christian leader in China and who is spending a few days in the First Methodist Episcopal Church, Sixth and Hill streets, tomorrow will speak at a mass meeting to be held in Redondo, where an election on the subject will be held next week.

Y.M.C.A. MEETINGS.

"THE PRACTICE OF PRAYER."

The Los Angeles Y.M.C.A. will begin next Tuesday at 12:15 o'clock a series of monthly meetings on "The Subject and Practice of Prayer," in conjunction with a similar movement in the Y.M.C.A. centers of North America. Henry C. Wadehill, director of the Los Angeles Evangelical Prayer Union, will open the initial forty-minute series in the Y.M.C.A. auditorium and continue it until he is followed from month to month by Dr. J. Whitcombrough.

The interest has been expressed to seek the co-operation of many local clergymen in taking charge of meetings. A number of ministers already have agreed to co-operate in the endeavor. Meetings will be held the third Tuesday in each month.

The International Committee has suggested the extension of the work of the Y.M.C.A. to meet the urgent and growing demands of Christian life and work," says the local announcement. "A continuous circle of prayer is proposed for use in all associations. The object of prayer is co-operation and the promotion of the prayer spirit among Christian



"India's Message to the World." A permanent Vedanta Center has been established at No. 1671 South Hoover street.

SCHOOL OF CIVICS.

CHURCH OF THE PEOPLE. The Church of the People announces the opening of a School of Civics in Philadelphia, to be held on Thursday evenings at the church headquarters, No. 422 Blanchard building. The first session will be held next Saturday evening, when Dr. Edward W. Barritt will speak on "The Relation of the Individual to the Community." Tomorrow morning Rev. E. Blight will speak in Blanchard Hall. "Why Did Truth Hide at the Bottom?" Well. In a prelude he will discuss "The Depar-tation of the Belgians." A musical programme will be rendered by Walter Hastings Olney, baritone, and Mrs. R. Tanner, pianist.

CAJAS NEW PASTOR.

ORTHRIDGE AVENUE BAPTIST. The Orchard-avenue Baptist Church has been organized, and will call to its pastorate Rev. J. W. Greenhouse, who has been supplying the pulpit for several Sundays. It is expected he will announce his decision to accept the call at a special service to be held at 4 o'clock on "Know God," and in the evening his subject will be "Win One."

SALVATION ARMY.

FAREWELL FOR ADJUTANTS. Tomorrow evening Rev. Dr. Jackson, officer in charge of Salvation Army Corps No. 1, No. 94 San Pedro street, the commandant for the division, will hold a farewell meeting at 11 o'clock. His company meeting at 3 o'clock; Christian praise meeting at 6 o'clock; young people's meeting at 8 o'clock; and the corps will be dismissed at 9 o'clock.

THEOSOPHISTS.

J. HENRY ORME TO SPEAK. "Iconoclasts—Their Place in Evolution" will be the subject of an address by J. Henry Orme tomorrow evening at the headquarters of the Theosophical Society in the Blanchard Building. The lecturer will emphasize the importance of the work done by iconoclasts in the great scheme of evolution, and instead of being destructionists, are in reality constructive, preparing the way for the advancement of humanity.

MANY CHANGES.

HE'S NOW A SENIOR PASTOR. The annual meeting of the Highland Park Christian Church, Monte Vista avenue and Avenue 55, will be held next Friday evening, when the officers will be reelected and there will be an interesting programme. Rev. Dan Trundt, senior pastor of the Highland Park church, is now the senior pastor of the First Congregational church of Los Angeles. Although he has been in the Highland Park church only four years, there have been many changes in the administration of the church during that period that he now holds the record in point of continuous service on one church.

Tomorrow morning he will speak on "Life's Fourfold Speech," and his evening subject will be "Life's Ripened Grapes."

FOR WEISHEIM.

NEW Y.M.C.A. CLASS. The organization of a new Bible Class at the Y.M.C.A., having as one of its chief objects interesting Welsh legends of the life of Jesus, will be conducted at 11 o'clock in the evening, except in the Fourth and Ninth churches, where evening services are discontinued, and in the

Yosemite Valley, illustrated with two sets of lantern slides, will be given at 7 to 7:30 o'clock by David M. Curran. The sacred concern in the afternoon will be given by the Hand Jubilee Singers, with characteristic plantation melodies and readings from Dunbar, the negro poet.

MINISTERIAL UNION.

WILL DEAN DR. WINBARGER. The Ministerial Union of Los Angeles will meet at 10 o'clock next Monday, Dr. Charles F. Winbarger will speak on "Different Paths and Their Teachings. How to Meet Them and Help Them."

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

SUBJECT FOR TOMORROW. The subject for tomorrow in the nine Christian Science churches of this city is "Life." The services will be conducted at 11 o'clock in the evening, except in the Fourth and Ninth churches, where evening services are discontinued, and in the

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PASSION PLAY.

FIRST UNITED BRETHREN. The "Passion Play" as presented at Oberammergau will be reproduced in a very realistic way at the First United Brethren Church, Seventh and Hill streets, tomorrow night. The play will be presented by the girls of the home, consisting of reading and dramatic. No regular vestments will be held, but the home tomorrow, so far as all of the girls may be present at the administration building. After the performance, the hour will give anyone who wishes an opportunity to become acquainted.

TEMPLE BAPTIST.

GREAT MUSICAL SERVICE. Two interesting services will be held in Temple Auditorium, Fifth and Olive streets tomorrow. In the morning Rev. J. Whitcombrough will preach "First Thing in the World," and there will be a great musical service by the Temple quartette and choir. Mrs. Alice Lohr McDaniel, contralto, will be the soloist.

INTERESTING EVENT.

CONGREGATIONAL CLUB. The Congregational Club of Southern California will have a dinner at 6:30 o'clock at the Clark Hotel next Monday evening for the purpose of greeting the new Congregational pastors of this part of the State and giving a farewell to Dr. William Hodgeson.

The programme of the National Congregational Council, which Dr. Day was largely instrumental in securing, will be read. Dr. Andrews, who is president of the club, will speak on "The Day of Whittier," Rev. George A. Andrews, D.D., of Plymouth Church, Rev. H. H. Price, First Congregational Church of the Messiah, Dean E. Norton and Ed Hahn will report on the work of the national council meeting and Dr. Day will give the matriad address.

WHERE TO GO.

CHURCH EVENTS TOMORROW. Dr. R. A. Torrey, dean of the Bible Institute of Los Angeles, will be the speaker at the "Devotional Conference" to be held next month in Chicago, and during the same month Dr. William Evans, associate dean of the University of Berkeley. Tomorrow's subjects of Dr. Torrey, who is also pastor of the Church of the Open Door, Institute Auditorium, are "How to Save the Children," "How the King Came,"

SWAMI'S LECTURES.

TEACHING OF VEDANTA. Swami Paramananda, representative of the Ramakrishna Mission, a religious and philanthropic organization of widespread importance in India, will give a series of lectures at the Y.M.C.A. center, Sun-dae nights in Blanchard Hall. His subject for tomorrow night will be

INDIA'S MESSAGE TO THE WORLD.

"India's Message to the World" will be the subject of Mrs. Annie R. Mills' talk at 11 o'clock tomorrow morning before the same meeting in Chicago, and during the same month Dr. William Evans, associate dean of the University of Berkeley.

The interest has been expressed to seek the co-operation of many local clergymen in taking charge of meetings. A number of ministers already have agreed to co-operate in the endeavor. Meetings will be held the third Tuesday in each month.

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SWAMI ABHEDANANDA OF INDIA. Author and teacher of international reputation, will lecture at Shell Clubhouse, 1115 South Flower street, on "Promises to the Overcomer—His Life's Crown." 7:30 p.m.—"A PAGE FROM THE HISTORY OF JESUS' MINISTRY." Illustrated by Stereopticon. All invited.

FIRST UNITARIAN CHURCH.

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH. CORNER FIGUEROA AND WEST ADAMS STREETS. REV. GEORGE DAVIDSON, M.A. Hester.

EPISCOPAL.

ST. PAUL'S PRO-CATHEDRAL. SERVICES: 12:15 p.m. and 7:30 p.m. Sunday school and Bible Classes at 8:30 p.m.

VERY REVEREND WILLIAM MCMORMACK, DEAN AND RECTOR.

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CHURCH OF THE PEOPLE.

"Why Does Truth Hide at the Bottom of a Well?" Address by REYNOLD E. BLIGHT.

11 a.m. Church of the People, Blanchard Hall, 222 South Broadway. Lecture on "The Deportation of the Belgians." Musical Programme. All seats free.

Los Angeles Daily Times

JANUARY 20, 1917

THE SOUTH PARK CHURCH

EAST FORTY-EIGHTTH STREET

THE IMPORTANCE OF CHRISTIANITY

IN THE LIFE OF MAN

IN THE TEACHING OF CHRIST

IN THE BIBLE

IN THE TESTAMENT

IN THE LIFE OF JESUS CHRIST

IN THE LIFE OF SAINTS

IN THE LIFE OF MARTYRS

IN THE LIFE OF CONFESSORS

IN THE LIFE OF SAINTS

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Los Angeles Times

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LOS ANGELES (Local Advertising)

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TREND OF THE FINANCIAL NEWS.

CHIEF EVENTS OF YESTERDAY.

(At Home.) Fluctuations in Bethlehem Steel, foremost of the "war brides," was the subject of much speculation on the New York Stock Exchange, and during the day this security sustained a net loss of fifteen points. Exchange rates on Petrograd and Rome fell to new low records, with further keenness in remittances to Berlin and Vienna. Sterling and francs, on the other hand, were firm. Concessions in all existing international bonds were associated with the more attractive terms of the new British external loan.

(Abroad.) The official Mexican rate of exchange for American money will continue to be one peso, eighty centavos for each dollar, or a discount of 10 per cent on American money, according to a ruling of the Mexican treasury.

PICKETING.
An Ohio Senator says that the picketing of the suffragists at Washington is an insult to the high office of President, even if it would do any good. The Senator is right. People are beginning to see the folly as well as the wrong of picketing. All that is ever accomplished by such measures is the making of a host of enemies to the cause for which the picket sacrifices himself.

BUY AN UMBRELLA.
Don't stand on the corner under an awning waiting for it to "slack up" before crossing the street. You are losing time that might be spent profitably at your office or at home with a good book. Patronize an umbrella shop. It is so seldom that the merchants get a chance to sell umbrellas in Southern California that the people ought to help them get rid of their old stock when it does rain.

THE WHIPPING POST?
A Portland judge is advocating the whipping post as the most effective way of dealing with automobile thieves. In our opinion the thieves are not nearly so deserving of drastic punishment as the inhuman scoundrels who run over men and women and drive on without stopping to offer aid to their victims. If any criminals in the world need a lesson at the whipping post it is these.

WE ALL KNOW IT.
"Take plenty of exercise, eat temperately and be happy" advises a local lecturer on health rules. All of us know these things, but not everyone has the courage to deny himself a little passing pleasure in order to attain the greater joys of health of body and peace of mind. Nine-tenths of our ailments are due to our own folly and are not to be laid at the doors of heredity, overwork or unwholesome environments.

QUITTE DESCENT.
It is now whispered that in case Col. Bishop and Lieut. Robertson are rescued alive they will have to face court-martial for having left without authority on the flight from San Diego to Calexico. From free denizens of the air to prisoners in a military court is a "come-down;" and should the aviators be found alive, it is to be hoped they will be able to escape this embarrassing situation.

ENTIRELY TOO PERSONAL.
For conscientious objectors to military service the British examiners have now a set question for disposing of all such cases. "If a German attacked your wife or mother, would you not defend her?" Of course there is but one answer to such a query, and the objector is at once informed that the best way then to prevent any German from attacking his wife or mother is to take his place in the trenches somewhere in France or Flanders or maybe in Greece or Suez. It is a delightfully illogical method for shelving the bugbear of conscription. A Liverpool Irishman, however, turned the tables on the inquisitor by replying: "Beugury, I would that—and just as quickly if it was an Englishman!"

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As a stenographer she was earning \$12 a week and, not satisfied with this pay, she quit not only her job, but the whole stenography business. She was so afraid of soapsuds or hard work, and she started to take in washing. She had an idea that it was better to be the prosperous laundress than an "inconvenient" stenographer. She conducted the business with brains and efficiency and as a result is now making \$65 a week without working longer hours than she did at her desk. She now merely does fancy work, expensive and delicate fabrics for wealthy people; and the business grows. She has something more than a respectable income.

There is a lesson here for any who think any kind of honest work is beneath them. To quote Thoreau again, "The life which we prize and regard as successful is but one kind. Why should we exaggerate any one kind at the expense of the others?"

Thomas A. Edison says he has always been so busy that he has never had time to be tempted to do a wicked thing—indicating that the Thomas Alva Edison press agent is again on the job.

THE COMPANIES GET TOO MUCH
THE REST OF IT.

If the taxpayers of Los Angeles vote favorably on the proposed \$12,000,000 bond issue for the purchase of the distributing systems of the two power companies and thus permit the Board of Public Service to enter into a ten-year contract for the purchase of power from these companies at the rate agreed upon the city will, in the ten-year period, pay to the two companies for power alone \$12,023,100 plus \$1,45,000 for severance damages and the further sum of \$8,270,000 for their distributing systems, or a total to the two power companies of \$21,438,100. HOW IS THAT FOR RICHNESS?

In addition the taxpayers will be called upon to pay \$23,983,000 for interest, replacement, extensions and sinking fund, and \$18,882,000 for general expenses, making a total outlay for the ten years—including the purchase of the distributing systems—of \$63,762,000.

The Times advises the people of Los Angeles to defeat this proposition for the reason that it gives the companies the best of the bargain by millions of dollars—it is a scheme to fatten up already fat corporations at the expense of taxpayers, and incidentally lard the sides of political officeholders.

The Board of Public Service has issued a statement in which it claims that its income from power sales for the ten-year period will be \$64,265,000. If this "estimate" is correct, and we assume that it is, although John W. Kemp states that he was not sure about this income—the city will be facing a substantial deficit at the end of the ten-year period. Here are the figures: For power purchased from the two companies, \$12,023,100; interest, replacement and sinking fund, \$23,983,000; general expenses incident to operation and maintenance, \$18,882,000; and a severance damage of \$11,45,000—making a grand total expenditure of \$56,033,100, or an excess of expenditure over income of \$1,770,100 for the ten years—and the city will still owe \$16,319,000 on outstanding power bonds.

The figures for the amount of power to be purchased and paid for are based on a statement made by the Board of Public Service in which they say that at the end of the ten-year period they will be purchasing 30,000 horse power from the companies, or about 20 per cent of the power used. If this is correct, and the city at the end of ten years will still be buying 30,000 horse power, is it not fair to assume that it will purchase at least that quantity on an average during the ten-year period? But in order to give the city the benefit of the doubt these figures are reckoned on a 50-per-cent load factor, though we would be justified in assuming a higher load factor on which to figure.

On a basis of 30,000 horse power per year we have 300,000 horse power over the ten years. This is the equivalent of 225,000 kilowatts, which in turn at peak load would be 1,970,000,000 kilowatt hours for the ten years at .0122 per kilowatt hour, which is the figure the board is planning on paying the companies for their "juice." In this estimate, however, we have cut this figure in two and we have 98,500,000 kilowatt hours at .0122, which amounts to \$103,205.

The Board of Public Service has stated that the amount of "juice" to be sold during the ten-year period will amount to 1,251,228,000 kilowatt hours, but it has shown figures to the effect that it will be buying 30,000 horse power at the end of the ten years and 30,000 horse power at peak will produce 1,970,000,000 kilowatt hours in ten years, so that the board is figuring on either buying all its power from the companies or its estimate is to what it will use for off.

Under these circumstances it is small wonder that the Pacific Light and Power Corporation and the Southern California Edison Company are working day and night to secure the favorable action of the voters on the proposed bond issue, for, as will be seen from these figures, they will be the beneficiaries to the extent of \$2,270,000 in cash for their second-hand distributing systems, \$11,45,000 for severance damages and \$12,023,100 for powers which the city proposes to purchase from them over the ten-year period of the fat contract which they have to offer to two corporations over \$21,000,000 of the people's money to carry out Socialistic fads.

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On a basis of 30,000 horse power per year we have 300,000 horse power over the ten years. This is the equivalent of 225,000 kilowatts, which in turn at peak load would be 1,970,000,000 kilowatt hours for the ten years at .0122 per kilowatt hour, which is the figure the board is planning on paying the companies for their "juice." In this estimate, however, we have cut this figure in two and we have 98,500,000 kilowatt hours at .0122, which amounts to \$103,205.

The Board of Public Service has stated that the amount of "juice" to be sold during the ten-year period will amount to 1,251,228,000 kilowatt hours, but it has shown figures to the effect that it will be buying 30,000 horse power at the end of the ten years and 30,000 horse power at peak will produce 1,970,000,000 kilowatt hours in ten years, so that the board is figuring on either buying all its power from the companies or its estimate is to what it will use for off.

Under these circumstances it is small wonder that the Pacific Light and Power Corporation and the Southern California Edison Company are working day and night to secure the favorable action of the voters on the proposed bond issue, for, as will be seen from these figures, they will be the beneficiaries to the extent of \$2,270,000 in cash for their second-hand distributing systems, \$11,45,000 for severance damages and \$12,023,100 for powers which the city proposes to purchase from them over the ten-year period of the fat contract which they have to offer to two corporations over \$21,000,000 of the people's money to carry out Socialistic fads.

THE WHIPPING POST?
A Portland judge is advocating the whipping post as the most effective way of dealing with automobile thieves. In our opinion the thieves are not nearly so deserving of drastic punishment as the inhuman scoundrels who run over men and women and drive on without stopping to offer aid to their victims. If any criminals in the world need a lesson at the whipping post it is these.

WE ALL KNOW IT.
"Take plenty of exercise, eat temperately and be happy" advises a local lecturer on health rules. All of us know these things, but not everyone has the courage to deny himself a little passing pleasure in order to attain the greater joys of health of body and peace of mind. Nine-tenths of our ailments are due to our own folly and are not to be laid at the doors of heredity, overwork or unwholesome environments.

QUITTE DESCENT.
It is now whispered that in case Col. Bishop and Lieut. Robertson are rescued alive they will have to face court-martial for having left without authority on the flight from San Diego to Calexico. From free denizens of the air to prisoners in a military court is a "come-down;" and should the aviators be found alive, it is to be hoped they will be able to escape this embarrassing situation.

ENTIRELY TOO PERSONAL.
For conscientious objectors to military service the British examiners have now a set question for disposing of all such cases. "If a German attacked your wife or mother, would you not defend her?" Of course there is but one answer to such a query, and the objector is at once informed that the best way then to prevent any German from attacking his wife or mother is to take his place in the trenches somewhere in France or Flanders or maybe in Greece or Suez. It is a delightfully illogical method for shelving the bugbear of conscription. A Liverpool Irishman, however, turned the tables on the inquisitor by replying: "Beugury, I would that—and just as quickly if it was an Englishman!"

THE PROOF OF THE PUDDING.
In a suit on economy Thoreau once observed that mankind is apt to "Consider what is truly respectable, but what is respected." Most young people consider that it is a most respectable occupation to sit at a desk in an office than to take in washing. A highly-educated Los Angeles girl thought otherwise and proved her point.

As a stenographer she was earning \$12 a week and, not satisfied with this pay, she quit not only her job, but the whole stenography business. She was so afraid of soapsuds or hard work, and she started to take in washing. She had an idea that it was better to be the prosperous laundress than an "inconvenient" stenographer. She conducted the business with brains and efficiency and as a result is now making \$65 a week without working longer hours than she did at her desk. She now merely does fancy work, expensive and delicate fabrics for wealthy people; and the business grows. She has something more than a respectable income.

There is a lesson here for any who think any kind of honest work is beneath them. To quote Thoreau again, "The life which we prize and regard as successful is but one kind. Why should we exaggerate any one kind at the expense of the others?"

Thomas A. Edison says he has always been so busy that he has never had time to be tempted to do a wicked thing—indicating that the Thomas Alva Edison press agent is again on the job.

THE COMPANIES GET TOO MUCH

THE REST OF IT.

If the taxpayers of Los Angeles vote favorably on the proposed \$12,000,000 bond issue for the purchase of the distributing systems of the two power companies and thus permit the Board of Public Service to enter into a ten-year contract for the purchase of power from these companies at the rate agreed upon the city will, in the ten-year period, pay to the two companies for power alone \$12,023,100 plus \$1,45,000 for severance damages and the further sum of \$8,270,000 for their distributing systems, or a total to the two power companies of \$21,438,100. HOW IS THAT FOR RICHNESS?

In addition the taxpayers will be called upon to pay \$23,983,000 for interest, replacement, extensions and sinking fund, and \$18,882,000 for general expenses, making a total outlay for the ten years—including the purchase of the distributing systems—of \$63,762,000.

The Times advises the people of Los Angeles to defeat this proposition for the reason that it gives the companies the best of the bargain by millions of dollars—it is a scheme to fatten up already fat corporations at the expense of taxpayers, and incidentally lard the sides of political officeholders.

The Board of Public Service has issued a statement in which it claims that its income from power sales for the ten-year period will be \$64,265,000. If this "estimate" is correct, and we assume that it is, although John W. Kemp states that he was not sure about this income—the city will be facing a substantial deficit at the end of the ten-year period. Here are the figures: For power purchased from the two companies, \$12,023,100; interest, replacement and sinking fund, \$23,983,000; general expenses incident to operation and maintenance, \$18,882,000; and a severance damage of \$11,45,000

PEN POINTS.
BY THE CHIEF.**MORE CHARITY AT LESS COST.**

County Department Files its First Annual Report.

An Increasing Number of Persons Being Reached.

A Marked Reduction in Per Capita Expense.

The first annual report covering the work of the county charities has been compiled by Supt. Martin and his board will be filed with the Board of Supervisors. The board will consider it Monday. It is a comprehensive document of 180 pages and shows Mr. Martin went before the first minutes of the Board of Supervisors to a County Hospital. He has been in office since 1915. His definite was done in 1915. The Los Angeles department of about 100,000 persons and taxes for all the relief of the city and county. San Francisco, serving a much larger population, has a budget of \$75,000. The cost to Los Angeles is for operating the farm, hospital and almshouse.

Setting right down to brass tacks, the truth is that we are all really "dodging" ourselves. Well it's costing, and has been known to.

There is some criticism of the idea of Liberty on the part of the pieces on account of the clothes, but isn't she exercising her usual female privilege?

The prices of monkeys continue to advance some of the poor need of the country will be compelled to do more of their petting for the benefit of their children.

During the year ending June 30 there were 10,939,878 letters to the dead-letter office. And that is an extremely large number of wedding invitations that is the answer?

Dr. Peter Nagelsohn, a ladiesman of Romania, has arrived in San Francisco, optimistic as to the status of his country after the war. Dr. Peter, etc., must be on reading up of Mark Twain.

John Philip Sousa says that with bands of music to hypnotize people would cease. We are about that, John Philip, now bands whose performances calculated to inspire a

We are accustomed to laughing because they follow the leader, even if to do so means the death. But people are about me as the sheep in that respect and they do not laugh at us because we can't.

It is proposed to reduce the price on "drop" letters to one cent; the people are more interested in better delivery than in postage. It would be a good idea if the postmasters were turned off the grass and the work left to the experienced deputies.

It has been figured out that England and Japan should war upon the United States, with its command of the world's shipping without delay. Japan, with England, could buy of 2,500,000 to our shores a serious loss of time. It is looking for the pacificus to out.

Senator Works has introduced a resolution inquiring as to the status of Col. E. M. House, John L. and a number of the exiled diplomatic representatives. Fred Wilson, who have been sent abroad without time. The resolution has been referred to a committee in the Senate, and the measure might well be enough to make the hat lie eye.

According to the figures of the Internal Revenue Commission, the number of persons who pay an income tax on an average of \$1,000 a year during 1916 represents the new crop of extremely rich men who have reduced by the war pressure the protective tariff is thrown in the shade the total amount may be realized now from the same and emergency tax.

Sam Gompers and the "Big Four" demand the repeal of the 18-hour law. If upheld by the Supreme Court it will vest in Congress the power to regulate railroad wages and hours' existence of the organization would be given; the loss of the right to strike could do nothing. If the law is unconstitutional and Congress amends it will take from the main weapon of the workers' organizations.

The two corporations declared that they had received money from their headquarters regarding their advances and, unless they open their stores to nobles freedom of speech, no one will be allowed to sell goods.

James Parton Haney, in the New Year's rhyme that goes:

in the air,

is hung,

land since fair,

care that well, dumb about

lines are fun-

desolate, and piteous

deadly feed in which they

are awful mystery. He

is to help the helpless,

we are to judge His way?

in His chosen hour He

is to strive to be a

shape to nobles freedom

kind.

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Enough.
PRISON BEATS BIGAMY COURT.

Supposed Much-wed One Safely Behind Bars.

Divorce Stop Prosecution of Adventure.

Letters Reveal Matrimonial Entanglements.

Because he is serving a sentence in San Quentin prison and because to have three women he is alleged to have married while legally wedded to another have divorced him District Attorney Woolwine will likely prosecute Charles Bell Rucker for bigamy.

The man of many wives and more troubles, whose aliases were Charles E. Bell and Carlos Campana, was found guilty and sent to the penitentiary ten days ago for stealing an automobile.

That the man, who was engaged in a scenario writing here and who caused all sorts of sensations in connection with his wife who won a newspaper for a few weeks and made virulent attacks upon city and county officials, was snubbed in several matrimonial entanglements.

Today when officers of the District Attorney's office found a large number of letters that had passed between him and his wives.

From one it was ascertained that he was first married to a woman who signed her name in love notes to him as "Your Pal." She was principal of a school in Independence, Mo., and was the first to learn of his duplicity. The discovery was made after the birth of their son, Don Carlos. She was granted a divorce upon the grounds of des-

titute. Wife No. 2 was formerly Mrs. Carrie Mooring of San Francisco, who married him when he was known as Carlos Campana. She was given a divorce last July.

Wife No. 3 is Mrs. Elizabeth Rueck, who is living with her parents in Portland, Or. Still another wife is known only as "B." She is supposed to have resided with the man of many aliases in this city.

A
REST THREE AS DRUG PEDDLERS.

FORTUNE IN "DOPE" IS ALSO SEIZED BY OFFICERS.

Question of Where Men Could Get Enough Morphine to Stock Half-down Good-sized Stores Puzzles Federal Officials—Trio Given Preliminary Hearing.

With the arrest of Dr. Albert H. Currie, H. M. Mitchell and L. W. Marshall, charged with violation of the Harrison anti-narcotic law, Collector Carter of the Internal Revenue Department asserts that in his opinion one of the most important snatches of the past ten years has been made. It is claimed that Currie, who has an office in the Story Building, had in his possession no less than 40,000 morphine tablets, running from a quarter to a whole grain, and valued at \$12,999.

Mitchell and Marshall, according to the allegation of the government, were employed by Currie to conduct the drug in question.

Currie is charged with illegally disposing of the opium; Mitchell and Marshall with having sold a dozen morphine tablets to H. D. Newell, and with having sold the tablets, having a license to deal in the drug.

The trio was arraigned before United States Commissioner Hammick immediately following their arraignment, and was held out by A. J. Kratz, of the local internal revenue office and Dr. C. W. Montgomery of San Francisco, in behalf of the Internal Revenue Department, in closing the drug dealers and users.

The preliminary examination of the three was set for next Wednesday and in the meantime they were held up by the Federal grand jury.

The bail in the case of Mitchell and Marshall was fixed at \$2000; that for Dr. Currie at \$2500.

In a capital offense so large a quantity of the drug that point struck the internal revenue office here in where it was possible for Currie to purchase it at a relatively more than is carried by any half-dozen retail drug stores in the city? This point being uncertain, Currie is charged with disposing of the tablets in an illegal way.

FOR WAR SUFFERERS.

Will Give Ball to Raise Funds for Jews, Opera Company to Aid.

A ball will be given tomorrow evening in Shrine Auditorium in aid of the Jewish War Sufferers Society, which auspices this ball will be given, has sent about \$10,000 to the central committees in New York in charge of the distribution of the funds.

The right Isidore Weiss, president of the society, has received a sympathetic letter from S. M. Pasqual, general manager of the Los Angeles English Opera Company, offering the services of his company to aid the cause of the Jewish war sufferers.

The other has been gratefully accepted and arrangements are being made for an entertainment to be given in the near future by the company.

UNDELIVERED TELEGRAMS.

There are telegrams at Western Union for J. S. Brinkley, W. J. Corrill, Billie Cannon, Mrs. L. L. Cannon, William Englehorn, Miss Dorothy Foster, Harry J. Harmer, Sherry Johnson, Fred H. Jones, W. T. Kelly, Pauline Morris, C. P. Parsons, Robert Ross, Robert A. Stipek, Muller Bros., Inc., Star Oil Gas Pump Company, F. S. Thomas, Miss Anna Wright, G. H. Wilson; Postal, C. Graves, C. Coulis, Charles S. Coleman, William M. Abbott, George Ward, John Howard, Sam Warner, Mrs. Laura Nichols.

Telephone "Wawa Ad."

For further information you should contact the office of Western Union for the date of business Saturday night for \$5.

Self-abnegation.

REFUSES PROBATION.

Rather than Reveal Name and Cause Sorrow to Mother and Father, Young Man Convicted of Burglary Refuses Clemency.

Rather than humiliate his mother and father, a young man known on the court records as Herman Rose yesterday refused to divulge his right name or to use his real name for probation. As a result he was sentenced to two years in Folsom prison.

County District Attorney Hogan announced that he was willing the prisoner, who was convicted of burglary, be given probation, but young man so politely refused to make the application.

Complex.

VAGARIES OF MIND DEEPEN MYSTERY.

INJURED MAN SAYS HE MAY HAVE TRIED SUICIDE.

Mechanic Who was Found in Park Wandering About is Still Near His Brain is Still Thought to be Suspect's Victim Despite His Ramblings.

Did Thomas Levine attempt to commit suicide, or is he the victim of bandits?

He is the man who was found wandering aimlessly about in Huntington Park Thursday morning with a bullet lodged near the base of his brain. Taken to the County Hospital, he remained in a semi-comatose condition for a long time and yesterday he suggested that he might have attempted to commit suicide.

An employee in the mechanical department at the Children's Hospital, he resides with his wife at 2302 Central Avenue. When Mrs. Levine told her that her husband had made such a statement, she based it on the ground of conjugal trouble, she expressed very much surprise.

"My husband was not at home when I saw him yesterday, so I was found wounded. Nor did we have any trouble of serious character just before that," she told the attorney of the psychopathic board at the hospital. "We have had some trouble, but certainly none that would warrant suicide on the part of Mr. Levine."

"How would it do to have him stay there till he gets done?" inquired President Betkowski.

ORDER HELD UP.

MAJOR'S SUGGESTION.

At the suggestion of Major Woodman the Board of Control directed the Economic Gas Company to order the gas to furnish, without discrimination, all its customers with a natural gas of uniform value and quality, and to continue to do so to serve without causing a possible interruption. The company asserts this is unfair discrimination against them and should be called to account for its nature, said the manufacturer.

The American Gas company has applied for a permit to do the same thing.

OUT OF FRYING PAN.

Fire From a Grate Drives Family into Chill Night to Face the Torrent of Rain and Wind Without Much Clothing for Protection.

Rain outside, fire within; and nothing was the predicament which faced the family of J. L. Taylor, No. 1645 West Thirty-sixth place, early yesterday morning. During the night the fireplace had been banked with briquets.

Early in the morning, a red-hot briquet fell through the grate into the floor, and started a fire which aroused the members of the family from their sleep. Smoke was pouring through the room, and the family finally dared the wind, rain and chill air, hastily wrapping about them what protecting covering was available, although there was very little available.

Outside they rushed to a neighbor's home, and summoned the fire department. The house was saved but the contents were damaged to an extent estimated at \$500.

PROTRACTED.

MORE ARGUMENTS.

Barringer Bigamy Case Drags With Maze of Technicalities, As Lawyers Argue on Jurisdiction—Decision Expected Wednesday.

More arguments were heard yesterday by Justice Hinshaw in the case of Marvin A. Barringer, alias Carl Ray, who is charged in the killing of Alvin Karpis, the gangster, with bigamy. The points raised will be given next Wednesday.

The chief question is whether California has the legal right to attack the jurisdiction of the authorities in a sister State. Deputy Attorney Powell contends that the new franchise for the Temple street line of the Los Angeles Railway transfer to the other.

Use Telephone Too Much.

A complainant having made an appointment at City Hall has the employment at the telephone too much for private conversations the president of the Pacific Electric Railway's Edendale line that provision was made in the new franchise for the Temple street line of the Los Angeles Railway to be given from one line to the other.

Attorney Ford asserts that it can be shown that the defendant is being tried upon other matters, aside from the divorce, and by one witness did establish the fact that Mr. Barringer was engaged in the picture business in the sister State.

That the proceeding is more or less technical was admitted by Deputy Powell, but he asserted upon his demand the wisdom of having the heads of departments to instruct those concerned to limit their conversations on the telephone to business matters as much as possible.

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ON FORGIVE CHARGE.

Oscar Barthel, charged with forgery, was held by Justice Palmer yesterday, his preliminary hearing being adjourned to Tuesday. The prisoner is accused of forging the name of Walter J. Hoss to a check for \$56.

Telephone "Wawa Ad."

For further information you should contact the office of Western Union for the date of business Saturday night for \$5.

The Public Service.

At the City Hall.

To Ask State to PAY DEBT TO CITY.

COUNCIL INSTRUCTS ROBERTS TO GO TO CAPITAL.

Will Seek to Rectify Injustice Caused by Gov. Johnson's Failure to Sign Bill Reimbursing Los Angeles for Work Done for Benefit of Normal School.

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District Attorney Hogan announced that he was willing the prisoner, who was convicted of burglary, be given probation, but young man so politely refused to make the application.

Good-by Tamale Wagon.

One effect of the new restaurant law which the Council yesterday referred to the City Attorney for drafting is to prohibit the removal of the streets of the old-time male wagon as they are required to connect with running water.

Emergency Clause.

The ordinance was introduced by the Council yesterday allowing the emergency clause providing that amount to reimburse the city for money spent on behalf of the State Normal School by the construction of the Madison-Virgin storm sewer. The Council yesterday delegated Councilman Roberts to go to Sacramento to see if Lieut.-Gov. Stephens will right the wrongs.

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**Our Free
Dress-
making
School
Opens
Monday,
Jan. 22.**

SWS

Specials—
1 lb. Hamburger
30¢ Coffee
4 plus, 10¢
Swastika Crackers
55c

Show Specials—
 1 lb. Hamburgers
 1 lb. Cones
 4 Pints Ice
 Cream
 1 lb. Crackers
55c

**ry Sausage, 15c lb.
Creamery Butter, 44c
Ranch Pullet EGGS, 44c**

The Grand Pip Organ

ncheon, 50c
one of Potato soup
Almondine, Tomato sauce,
Bacon, Turkey with Dressing
Cranberry sauce, or
Porksteak with Gravy,
Bacon, Ham, Eggs
Breakfast, etc and the
Breakfast, etc and the
(Today)



ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

MAGAZINE OF THE FAR-FLUNG SOUTHWEST.

TEN CENTS

SATURDAY JANUARY 20 1817

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The Guiding Spirit of the Great Southwest.

Mixed with the San Antonio Stock Show & Rodeo, Feb. 1-10, 1968.

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Freedom

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GOOD LITTLE POEMS.

A Leap-year Echo.

Three maids I met last New Year's Day
Whose happy hearts were light and gay;
The two had wed but now were free,
And so had I, but list to me.
The other sighed for wedded bliss;
For one to love and scold and kiss;
Her princely one she now has wed
And leaves a vacant place instead.

He placed the diamond on her hand,
Said she, "He's just the grandest man;"
Though not forgot nor mentioned yet
The mother filled our gay quintette;
Made merry like us giddy ones
And added many golden puns.
A sweet one said with roguish glance,
"Say; won't you take another chance?"

She was a pretty winsome dear,
That first day of the new leap-year;
To tell the truth, I ne'er met four
More quenched in the days of yore:
With choicest phrase, and sparkling wit,
We made a merry day of it;
But miss the one that's gone away
When we recall that happy day.

J. C. CRISLER.

The Vision.

In times of stress, of melancholy
And of brooding sorrow, do I
Stagger to the archives of my
Memory, and there I find the
Vision of a little boy, with head
Bowed, at his mother's knee—
And then I seem to hear a
Mother's voice, so sweet and
Low, teach me the words:
"Our Father Who art in heaven,"
And then, as on I go:
"Hallow'd be Thy name."
A peaceful calm enfolds me
In its graceful cloak and once again
I find the strength to start anew.
O, give me back my boyhood
Days and let me bow my
Boyish head at mother's knee,
While softly, I am taught to say:
"Our Father Who art in heaven."
O, give me back a mother's voice
And let me hear, in loving tenderness:
"Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done,"
It shall be done, and patiently I'll
Wait until again I kneel, to listen
To a voice I love above all else.

JACK WOLF.

The Philosophy of Life.

The maximum of friendship,
With the minimum of strife,
It's really very simple.
My Philosophy of Life.
With a spirit slow to anger,
With a heart quick to forgive,
We surely with our brother man,
In amity may live.
Honest labor's ever noble,
So find pleasure in your work;
Let heart and face e'er wear a smile,
But ne'er a sneer or smirk.
Fear naught, nor borrow trouble,
Face life without a frown;
Let thoughts be set on higher things—
Look up, instead of down.
Note the beauty of the landscape
And the glory of the sky;
There is nothing in creation
We should heedlessly pass by.
Hear the singing of the birds and brooks,
And the song that's in the breeze;
Not the music of the masters,
Surpasses Nature's symphonies.
With a mind attuned to joyfulness,
With fortitude for grief.

We can fill our days with music,
And find them but too brief.
With a life of friendly service,
We can prove it worth the while,
And the clouds of life will flee before
The sunshine of our smile.

JAMES T. EAGNY.

The Petrified Forest.
The brightest rainbow could no further
tints supply.
To those great forest giants lying there;
Nor, placed beside, could dim one little
whit.
The scintillating of their colors rare.
Untarnished yet by unknown ages flight,
They lie in flint, for flint and they are
one,
With rings and grain and bark and hearts
of stone.
Defying Arizona's rain and sun.

What mystery! Who could name so far a
day?
That man must compute in numbers wild
The unknown ages stretched aback
To time when they were grown and felled
and piled;
Piled carelessly as though they had lain
down
To endless sleep and yet by earth's sad
dreams
Had been disturbed, and stiff from age-old
chains,
Had separated into broken beams?

Ah, hard it is to realize that once
Those stiffened trunks and branches wore
soft green;
That summer sap flowed in their veins;
that birds
Sang in those limbs by human eyes un-
seen.
And yet who knows but man himself was
there
Beneath the prehistoric shelter of those
trees,
And lived and loved and toiled the same
as now
And fought his wars and made, beneath
them, peace.

ARTHUR JUSTIN STEPHENS.

To the Doubtful Singer.
When to my heart there comes a bit of cheer
From out the great heart of the world, I
long
To tell you, doubtful singer, not to fear—
That some shall find the music in your
song.

Do you declare the world's great heart is
cold?
Then pause and watch its joyous quick-
ened beat
When a wild woodland warbler, free and
bold,
Untrammeled, pours out lyrics pure and
sweet!

Is it a name that makes the great world
heed?
Sing with the wild abandon of the bird!
Sing songs so sweet the world will pause to
read.
Though of the singer it has never heard!

CHARLES H. MEIERS.

[Nebraska State Journal:] "Say, old
man, don't you want to join the Wayback
County Association? The dues are only \$10
a year, and that goes to pay for a banquet
at the Sweldorf."

"But I've never been in Wayback county
in my life."

"That's all right. You've got \$10, haven't
you?"

SCOPE, OBJECTS AND AIMS OF THIS MAGAZINE.

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THE world that Pope Benedict is to take in their effort to make the Conference Powers hostly to the President's movement. UNderstand us. Underneath there is a rank peace conference, cordially to our President's plan for a and may be brought about.

Money and Morals.

[Sunday.]

The Illustrated Weekly Magazine

ends as to how to unsnarl the knot they have tied and dig themselves out of the pit into which they have fallen, and once more to vary the simile, to prevent themselves from being hoist on the petard they set for somebody else. If the Congressional action in the passage of the Adamson act is to stand, it must be by forceful arbitration in all disputes between labor and capital and between employer and employee. Surely the government can not go granting every demand made by the greedy selfishness of unionized labor. If such a course were pursued it would result in these people owning the whole country very promptly.

But arbitration is exactly what they do not want. Andrew Furuseth of San Francisco, of the International Seamen's Union, the other day made a very emphatic protest before the Senate Commerce Committee against the proposed enactment of arbitration legislation to supplement the Adamson act. He painted a direful picture of the results that always have followed any effort to deprive the workman of rights to, quit employment individually or collectively. But he did not say how the Adamson act was to be made effective and just at the same time without some way of settling the disputes. The whole thing is likely to fall still born from the hands of Congress.

Tide Setting Back.

SOME years ago, when cheap lands in the United States became very scarce, there was a tremendous exodus of American farmers to British America. They went from the Middle West in thousands and tens of thousands to occupy the cheap lands offered by the government of the country, their efforts being backed by the great railroad systems of the Dominion. They took much money with them and added very much to the prosperity of the Canadians.

Then broke out the great war, and now these Americans are not so happy on the other side of the border as they were. They see the Canadian people very earnest in backing the mother country in the great conflict that is taxing the British Empire for men and money. There is a limit to patriotism as well as to everything else; and now the authorities of the Dominion are earnestly considering conscription or forcible service to compel the "slackers" to bear their share of the burden or pull their portion of the freight. Here is where the unhappiness enters into the heart of the American immigrants to Canada and their children. In spite of their comfort in the Dominion their hearts are still American, and can not be expected to bear the same patriotic feelings as those to the manner born for several generations. There is a difference between the minds of people who have never known a flag other than the one they are living under and those exotics who look back to another flag as that of their forbears; especially when that standard is the American Old Glory with her emblazoned stars and stripes.

So in these earliest days of the new year we read of the great rush of emigration from Canada back into the United States. The man who wrote the dispatch from Portland, Or., telling us of this movement is specific in his statement that it has begun since the distribution of registration cards throughout Canada, but does not tell us of the former nationality of those in the movement. It looks as if it might easily be taken as a foregone conclusion that these are the American farmers or their progeny who are rushing back to the mother country in lack of patriotism for Great Britain.

Caviar used to be a luxury to be had from no other place on the earth except from Russia. It came from the roe of the sturgeon which inhabit the rivers of Russia running to the Sea of Azov and the Black Sea. Then the industry

was transferred to New Jersey, where most of the "Russian caviar" consumed in the United States was canned. It came from the roe of the sturgeon that populated thickly many streams in the United States. The natural wastefulness of Americans has fished out every sturgeon from every lake and river in the country. Up in Alaska they have been throwing the salmon roe away, it seems, until some Russians came in there and saw this waste. They were experts in putting up caviar in their own country, and now we are to have a home-made supply of caviar again coming from the roe of salmon caught in Alaska waters.

The Board of Education in Chicago has taken a wise step by an almost unanimous vote in deciding to install a system of military training in Chicago's high schools. It is all a dream and fudge to look upon this military training as a preparation for war or a provocation for war. It is simply a necessity in this world of ours as it is today. We must either get ready to repel aggression or succumb to the greed of some foreign nation. We must either have a white man's country here or a pig-tail nation of Americans.

Three cheets and a tiger for the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. This great American institution started out only last June to raise an endowment fund of \$4,000,000. One man the other day gave \$2,500,000 toward this amount, \$1,000,000 was presented by a small group of the alumni, \$200,000 by John D. Rockefeller, and \$100,000 by an anonymous benefactor in Boston. This makes but very little more to raise, and surely the Yankees will see that the rest of the money is forthcoming promptly.

That is a beautiful scandal in San Francisco involving George P. West of the Industrial Relations Committee of Washington and Alexander Berkman, editor of *The Blast*, a thoroughly anarchistic sheet published in the bay city. District Attorney Fickert charges almost specifically that Berkman paid this government employee \$300 for his report on San Francisco conditions to make it appear that the bomb prosecution was merely a phase of labor war. From all accounts this fellow West is a protege of Walsh, and from such connections anything bad might be expected.

A young Los Angeles girl whose mother is a social leader and whose father is one of the city's wealthiest and most remarkable captains of industry, is about to take up the lifework of landscape gardening. The beauty of this land will offer her exceptional opportunities for advancement in her profession. Our Southland needs great development, both in the beautifying of grounds and the invention and advancement of architecture. All other arts must fail of maturity until this has been accomplished.

Here is an extraordinary and most attractive offer:

The Illustrated Weekly Magazine, each number containing 32 brilliant pages, in all 52 issues in the year, together with the Los Angeles Sunday Times, containing in each issue 124 to 148 plethoric pages of news, editorials, description, comment, far-reaching correspondence, pictures, poetry and humor—the two publications together making 104 large, separate, complete issues—all for four dollars (\$4.00) sent postpaid to any address in the United States or in the Postal Union. The most informing, appropriate and valuable present you could possibly send to one of the loved ones left behind when you said good-by to your old home, wherever it was, to come to California.

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A Voice from the Future.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTEEN)

"Sisterly." At the thought of the boarding-house a wave of homesickness swept over the girl. "Oh, dear," she wailed, "if I could only step into mother's spotless kitchen and stir up a few cream biscuits while Sally put the cold chicken and watermelon pickles upon the table and Nancy ran out and gathered the strawberries. I wonder if we shall have clammy beans and cold pot roast for supper again tonight?"

"Heaven forbid," devoutly exclaimed Jack. "If we do I shall get out an injunction against cold beans."

Picking up the magazine he had been reading during the early part of the afternoon he restlessly turned the leaves; then tossing it aside he watched a preoccupied squirrel select a twig and without a glance at the lazy humans, hurry away to build a home for his bride. The blue jay returned and after cocking a wary eye at Jack, flew down and helped himself to a small piece of string, then stalked off with a head-of-the-house air of importance. Jack arose, stretched himself and walked away a few feet, then came back and seating himself upon the sod close to the girl began to hum:

"Oh, promise me that some day you and I will take our loves together to some sky—"

"Will you promise me, Pauline?" he whispered huskily, regaining possession of her hand.

The sweet face was thoughtful and undecided.

"Let me think a minute, Jack," she said.

A vague, inexplicable sensation of loss chilled her. Was this, then, love? This happy, restful feeling she had when with Jack? Was romance to steal unobtrusively into her life? Was there to be no thrilling rush of emotion; no utter forgetfulness of self; no heavenly transports?

It had been so pleasant to spend the long winter evenings with the young lawyer, sometimes at the theater, but more often at home, for although his practice was steadily increasing, his income was still limited and she would not allow him to waste his money. The quiet hours in the improvised sitting room, he reading aloud while she embroidered, had meant much to the lonely girl; and now that spring was here and the need of keeping restless little fingers busy, and wandering little minds entertained had strained her nerves to the breaking point, it was so soothing to wander through the Sunday woods with Jack, talking nonsense with him or idly listening while he read some easily digested magazine story.

"Can't you decide, little girl?"

The voice was boyishly eager.

"Wait just a little longer."

Yes, the winter and spring had been peaceful and happy and Jack was part and parcel of the peace and happiness. Loyally she strove to find a place for him in the ranks of her secret dream heroes, but somehow her mind could not visualize teasing, laughing Jack among the gallant procession. Jack twanging a guitar beneath her window would be really funny; Jack championing her cause would not quietly hand the villain his card and escort her away; he would, without doubt, punch the villain's nose and make it bleed all over her; and Jack kneeling at her feet was simply inconceivable.

She half withdrew the hand he was softly kissing, then left it in his possession while she listened to the silence.

May's drowsy hush hung o'er the park; the young sun shyly peeped through the budding leaves; the wind had stopped his gay whistling and was tiptoeing among the treetops holding his breath for fear of waking the sleeping wood babies; now and then a petulant murmur of protest could be heard from some naked nursling as a sullen elder brother crowded him out from underneath the warm mass of feathers that meant home to him. And beneath it all could be sensed the softly happy crooning of the mothers newly made and the mothers soon to be.

"Do you think you will know better tomorrow, sweetheart?"

"I know now, dear."

The man gathered her into his arms. As he lifted her face to his she flushed. With a happy, masterful laugh he kissed her. But he was never, never to know that at the moment she had flushed, eyes, his and yet not his, were looking into hers and a childish voice from out the future was shrilling into her ears:

"Muvver, muvver, old Mr. Robin is building a house in our apple tree."

Family Pride of Mary Burton.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTEEN)

presumed to renew that acquaintance on his arrival in Chicago. On the last occasion of his calling he had been so maulin' with liquor that Rob had plainly told him his company was no longer desired in their home. What must Rob think of her if he suspected that she held any lurking attachment for such a man! She sobbed herself to sleep at last.

In the morning she went about her tasks with a heavy heart instead of her usual cheerfulness. When she read in the morning Tribune that Wesson and his accomplice had been apprehended and a confession had been extorted from them, she was relieved, but, even then, the weight did not lift. She worked hard all day, finding in constant effort the only balm for her unhappiness. At last the afternoon wore away and the baby grew fretful and sleepy. Once more she pulled off the little daytime garments and dressed him for night, drawing some comfort from the nearness of the warm, soft body as she cuddled him in her arms. She held him closely, nursing him and watching the round, little head on her bosom when she heard a step and a grating as a key was passed into the lock. It was Robert. She had not expected him so early, but freight engines were uncertain.

She spoke softly as he entered and stood looking down at her. After a moment she raised her face and met his eyes. Her lips quivered though she strove to keep them firm. He dropped his cap and flung himself down beside the low rocker which held the two he loved.

"Mary," he murmured, throwing his arm around her shoulder and sinking his rough face against her soft neck. "I can't believe anything wrong of you! I don't. I know there's some mistake."

"It was Tom," she whispered in his ear. "I didn't want to tell you."

"You don't need to tell me, Mary. Not a word! If I couldn't trust my wife and the mother of my son—"

Mary heard a queer sound from her reserved husband—a sound that was strangely like a sob. Instantly the arm that cuddled the baby's fat knees crept up to the neck of her larger child and she kissed him tenderly, forgivingly. They clung together until the baby stirred uneasily.

Rob laughed down at him. "Look at him, Mary," he said. "He's trying to push me away. I believe the little rascal's jealous."

Loyalty Misplaced.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE NINETEEN)

this been going on? How much have you taken?"

"Enough to pay for those spark-plugs and the other stuff," Carpenter grinned, impudently. "Your manager, here, is so honest, I couldn't let the chance slip to put one over on him, yesterday. Then when these even-change people came along, I decided to pay him up for reporting me. Better get a new gag." He grimaced at the detectives. "Payng the exact amount of your purchase has been worked to death."

"You may go," silenced Garner. "I won't prosecute, but don't let me see or hear of you in this neighborhood again."

"Didn't expect you would prosecute," Alex fired back as he slouched out. "Had you sized up, too?"

"I'm quitting, Mr. Garner," Holbrook stepped forward. "I've held your interests first for ten years, now I'm ready to give my time and pains to someone who will appreciate them."

Garner's face twitched. "Better think it over," he said. "There's no hurry."

"There is for me," returned Holbrook. "I have another job waiting for me, and I won't be here in the morning."

Outsides, Annette was anxiously pacing the floor of her booth. Holbrook took her arm and they walked out of the store.

"Tomorrow I get that raise in salary which means you quit work," he said. "I am going to accept Kelly-Stiger's offer."

Sore Eyes

GRANULATED EYELIDS.
Eyes inflamed by exposure to sun, dust and wind quickly relieved by Marine Eye Remedy. No Smarting, just Eye Comfort. At Your Druggist's 5¢ per bottle. Marine Eye Salvia Tubs 25c. For Back of the Eye Fresh Druggists or Marine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago

Adventures of Sandy Hobbin.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-ONE)

Pete and Eyebrow Jim buildin' a feed box, and thinks they're workin' on a coffin for him, he comes a huntin' me, and as pale as a burro, tells me that he guesses he'd better go over to White River and end his days in peace and comfort. I hitches up the pintos, and after the boys has bid him good-by, we starts off and pretty quick are tyin' up in front of old Billings's hospital.

I manages to get ahold of old Doc, swear him in, and after tellin' him the true state of affairs, he grins' promises to help. By this time Sandy is so weak that we has to carry him in. Gettin' him into bed, the Doc calls in Tina, and gravely places her in charge, sayin' that this promisin' young man's life depends upon her tender care. I see tears of sympathy sprin' in her eyes, and an hour later, when I'm leavin', Sandy's propped up in bed and Tina's hoverin' around him like a motherin' canary bird, and I'mbettin' ten to one that Sandy wins, hands down and no back fire.

Then it's about three days before I manages to get in to see Sandy again. He's restin' easy, still in bed, with Tina sittin' aside him and readin' to him. The Doc is tellin' him that with real careful nursin' he's got even chances for existin', but that he must remain quiet for a month or so. Tina—she's all fussed up—and what I mean is that she intends to nurse him to a finish. Departin', I'm feelin' that the soft light of true love has at last dawned in her eyes, as the poets would say.

Gettin' a full quart, I ambles back to camp, and we're feelin' so good that we drinks to Sandy, to Tina, to old Doc, and then to each and every cud-chewin' cow on the range—and there's some bunch of them. Corn-beef Huso, he's sittin' over in the corner, refusin' to drink and actin' dreamy-like. Knowing the reason, for Corn-beef had been over-to see Sandy and had got to exchange hands with Tina, I calls him outside and argues it out with him.

"Ain't no use of your even tryin' to think you're sick," I tells him. "Sandy was on the ground first, and consequent has title to first chance. If he don't strike pay dirt then you're privileged to jump up his claim, but you've got to give him a chance to prove up." Corn-beef swallow's a big lump in his throat, remarks that he's so poor off that he doesn't think he'll live through the night, but at last I manages to get him inside, had a drink inside him, and pretty little pronto he's playin' coon can with Rawhide Riley.

Well, a week sorta shuffles by, and pay day comin', me and the boys flock into White River for a little play. Moresomever, I has in my hip pocket a package that has just come from Chicago for Sandy, and which I knows is his necklace. After obtainin' a couple of sniffs I'm intendin' to slip up to the hospital, when all of a sudden like in walkin' Sandy, lookin' pale, and wearin' a ghastly sorta grin on his face.

He edges over to me, and is sayin' that he figures to have a little of the same. Me—I'm blind-staggered, knocked sky western and crooked, and goes outside to think it over. Then across the street I see old Doc, and making a rush for him, asks a heap of questions.

He's nervous like, and then he tells me.

"You see," he says, grinnin' foolish. "You see Tina thought that Sandy was so bad off that she was plumb exhaustin' herself carin' for him, sittin' up nights, and waitin' on him concessiently. I begin to figure that she isn't very strong, that her system is gettin' all shook up, and one day when I catches her sleepin' in a chair, all huddled up, I wakes her up and tells her that she's too gentle-like to be performin' such hard nursin'. She begins to cry, and the first thing I know I have her in my arms and she's promisin' to be my wife. I'm sure some happy, and if it hadn't been for Sandy's

business I would be married now. I'd be in love with her, or plain with me."

I makes some sort of a pass about payin' Sandy's bill, but the old Doc tells me that he really is ownin' me money, so I staggers back to the Green Front, where the rainin' sun, awakenin' the little birds from their feathered nests, finds me and Sandy still shovin' money across the bar.

I WAS A Heavy Drinker
Consumed Quart of Whisky Every 24 Hours.

VICTORY IN 3 DAYS

If you know anyone who drinks aleched in any form, regularly or periodically, let me send my FREE book, "Confessions of an Alcohol Slave." I drink a quart of beer, or a gradually developed taste for drink, or strong liquors, the same as so many do. When drinking heavily I wouldn't hesitate to pawn my coat to get money. Even a few drunks will do injury, yet for long periods I would average to drink over a quart of whisky, rum or gin daily. Often some mixed drinks and beer aditionally.

I damaged business, health and social opportunities, made family miserable, lost real friends and became an unworthy, unwelcome burden upon all except the saloon-keepers, who慷慨ly took my money for the poison they gave me.

For 10 years I kept it up, and was regarded as a hopeless case. Various "cures" did me no good. But now I have a joyous message for drinkers and

Mothers, Wives, Sisters

While drifting from bad to worse, as all slaves of King Alcohol do, I unexpectedly found a true remedy. It saved my life. I got rid of the drink habit. My health was quickly restored; and I became an respectable man, enjoying every benefit of freedom from acquire alcoholism and naturally lost all desire for drink. I took less and less, began to prefer tea, coffee, buttermilk and other non-alcoholic liquids; the craving for liquor ceased. I could sleep perfectly, my stomach became well and I recovered from other ailments which undoubtedly were due to my indulgence in strong drink.

I tell about the secret in my book, which I send FREE to every person (or relative or friend) who takes alcohol in any form to excess. The purpose is to save the drunkard. I rejoice in every victory, each victim has my sympathy. Write to Edward J. Woods, Station E, New York, N. Y. My Remedies are for either steady or periodical drinkers. One drink habit between Friday night and Monday night—or any other 24 hours.

FOR MEN OR WOMEN, ANY AGE.

To relatives, friends, or employers I say—if you want to save a drinker in the quickest time and completely, with or without his knowledge and with absolute safety, read my book—often changes despair to joy.

ABSOLUTELY FREE

I will send you my book, in plain wrapper, promptly, postpaid. It tells of my own career and of the wonderful method, also gives valuable information. No other book like it. I especially appeal to those who have wasted money on treatments or remedies which had no lasting effect. Remember, it costs nothing; you will always be glad that you wrote. Correspondence strictly confidential. Keep this adv. If you cannot write today. Address:

EDWARD J. WOODS,

150 X Station E, New York, N. Y.

Abolish the Truss Forever

Do Away With Steel and Rubber Bands That Chafe and Pinch You know by your own experience the truss is a mere makeshift—a false prop against a collapsing wall—and that it's undermining your health. Why, then, continue to wear it? Mississipi's PLAPAO-PADS are different from the truss, being medicine applicators made self-adhesive purposely to prevent slipping and to hold the distended muscles securely in place. No straps, buckles or springs attached; no "digging in" or grinding pressure. Soft as Velvet—Flexible—Continuous day and night treatment at home. No stitching required. No adhesive, no rubber, no leather. Applied directly to the skin, it adheres firmly and holds securely. Acknowledged cures, and aware that the Plapao-Pads cured their rupture—some of them most aggravated cases of long standing. It is reasonable that they should do the same for you. Give them a chance.

FREE TO THE RUPTURED

Trial Plapao and illustrated book on rupture. Learn how to close the hernial opening as nature intended, so the rupture can't come down. No charge for it now, or ever, nothing to be returned. Write today—NOW. Address: PLAPAO CO., Block 238, St. Louis, Mo.

PLAPAO CO., Block 238, St

LOWER CALIFORNIA'S LONELY WASTES.

The Illustrated Weekly Magazine

Jan. 20, 1917]



THE human voice is a wonderful organ. It is unique in all creation. Listen to the fat Caruso bellowing like a bull of Bashan singing in his tenor robusto voice, "Caro Nome" from "Rigoletto," or better still, hear John McCormack in his soft, clear, beautiful tenor sing, "I hear you whisper, 'I love you.'" But better still hear the voice of a lady whisper these words in your own ear. Or if you will, hear Edith Helena sing in her clear, high, beautiful soprano, that simple Scotch ditty, "Coming Through the Rye." Yes, or listen to Harry Lauder as he chants, "Stop Your Tickling, Jock."

The living voice of you humans is marvelous in its effect on your own souls or on that of the lower animal creation. How quickly your dog learns to recognize the different tones of the human voice as his master scolds or commends him. And which of you has not heard the difference in the effect of a story recited by the living voice told in the most offhand, careless manner, compared with the same story written out with elaborate carefulness? Of course, the effect of the human voice depends on the earnestness of the speaker, and some one has put this into a very illuminating adage, "Words are a power if there is a man behind them."

Run your eye over history, and you will find a million great business men where you discover one great orator, a thousand men great in science for one distinguished as a speaker, and hundreds of great war captains for one eloquent man. Look at Greek history. How many generals that little peninsula produced, how many great painters, but

only one great orator. Among the Romans Caesar had many rivals, but Cicero stands alone as a great speaker in that race.

This effect of the living human voice is recognized by the greatest and wisest of all men. He whom millions of you regard as Emmanuel, or the God man. He did not trust his gospel to written page, but commissioned His Apostles to go out into all the world and preach the good tidings of salvation to every people. These were an exceedingly earnest body of men, although not highly educated as a rule, and the mere preaching of the word broke down ancient philosophies, tumbled gods from their pedestals, and literally transformed the world.

Preaching is a great privilege, surely, and ought to be exercised with great care and only practised after careful study. The Eagle has a friend who years ago had a cousin who came over from Ireland and settled in a little factory village in New York. He had been raised in the Church of England, and after trying the two churches in the village, one Methodist, the other Dutch Reformed, he persisted in walking in fair weather and foul three miles to a village to attend a church of his own selection. Taxed with this by his neighbors, his answer was: "But you see, I do not like to go where one man does all the talking. I like to have a chance to jaw back."

Another story is told of a young preacher who wrote to an elderly one of much experience and of great fame as a preacher asking for advice as to how the young man should become a great preacher. The old fellow turned over the letter and wrote on the back of it, "Holler." Then came back the young fellow with the declaration that he knew that he had to speak loud, but asking for more particular instructions. And once more the old fellow turned over the page and wrote on the back of it, "Holler more." On the third application for instruction he performed the same act, writing, "Holler more and louder."

There is another story about a professor in a theological seminary instructing a class who quoted the scriptures to the effect that Christ would save the world through "the foolishness of preaching." And the wise old fellow said: "Now, gentlemen, remember

this does not mean foolish preaching."

This was wise advice, and necessary to many preachers. In spite of the great privilege given to the preacher, and in spite of the great importance of the office, a great many of them convert the "foolishness of preaching" into very foolish preaching. Your Eagle is a pretty good church-goer, and enjoys a good sermon. When he hears a man who does not perform the office properly, it is about as much as he can do to restrain himself from shrieking out at the top of his voice his disapproval. Your Eagle thinks that most foolish preaching comes from lack of proper preparation, which results in long discourses—that is long compared with the value of the stuff delivered.

On a recent Sunday your Eagle perched upon the Tabernacle of the Most High and heard a sermon, one-half of which was excellent and the other half about the worst case of foolish preaching he has heard in an age. The subject was the three Wise Men led by the star to Bethlehem to worship the infant Saviour. The preacher had given a little time and attention to the preparation of his discourse, and one-half of it, about fifteen minutes long, was excellent. Then the preacher began scattering, like an old sawed-off shotgun aimed to hit a rabbit which scattered all over the side of a barn and did no execution at all. He had failed to prepare himself thoroughly for his office, and the result was lamentable.

The discourse took a good half-hour to deliver, and ought to have been done in half the time. An actual analysis of the discourse would show that the preacher spent one-tenth of the thirty minutes in using the phrase, "Now, my dear friends," another tenth of the time in saying, "Now, it seems to me," and a third tenth in the vain repetition of the phrase, "And so I think." Here is ten minutes of the thirty actually wasted in these repetitions which meant nothing. The founder of this congregation who came to Los Angeles more than fifty years ago, the late Rev. Elias Birdsall, was a man noted for his short sermons. Twelve to fifteen minutes was the usual time spent by him on a Sunday morning in delivering

a discourse which had been thoroughly prepared. He spoke extemporaneously as the man did the other day, but he did not scatter nor wander, and never repeated a phrase once. He was known all over California as a most effective and forceful preacher, who in fifteen minutes at most, of a Sunday morning rubbed into the minds of his hearers a lesson on Christian duty or doctrine so indelibly that it remained for all time.

At the time of the English Reformation the nonconformists used to brand the Church of England clergymen as "dumb dogs," because they had to write out all their sermons. They were right to condemn this way of preaching, for although the written discourse is delivered *viva voce* it has not the effect of the discourse delivered right hot from the avil of the mind where the thoughts are beaten out red-hot. It is a great gift or a great acquirement as the case may be, for any of you humans to able to get up on your hind legs on a pulpit or a platform and deliver a discourse that is worth listening to. It is a performance only possible after thorough preparation, thinking over with great care what is to be said and then stopping at the right place. In this way there is no scattering, no repetition, no waste of time or breath.

The preacher criticised by the Eagle is a scholarly man who has quite a reputation as a preacher, and therefore there is the less excuse for his shabby performance when fifteen minutes' time was wasted on a congregation of 1000. Now that is some waste of time—1000 quarters of an hour—when you come to think of it. It is 250 hours, or a month of working days, each of ten hours. Another criticism the Eagle makes is the little training given to the voices of many preachers. The late Edwin Booth is said to have been able to draw tears from the eyes of an audience by repeating the Lord's Prayer.

Yours for the good of the cause,

The Eagle



THE BIG LANCER

ONE meets piety in strange places. Our friend Bernard Shaw has just published an essay upon "Going to Church." Says he: "Any place where men dwell, village or city, is a reflection of the consciousness of every single man. In my consciousness there is a market, a dwelling, a workshop, a lover's walk—and above all a cathedral."

Poetically one cannot cavil with the picture. But somehow we feel that Bernard has not painted in all the essentials. There is no theater, no prosperous publisher, no socialist forum, no vegetarian restaurant. And these things are very much in Bernard's consciousness, as he has been at no pains to conceal. He declares that he loves the quiet little village and its church, and he turns the vial of his ferocious scorn upon the Pecksniff creations of brick and mortar known as city churches.

But Shaw's village, built to suit his real consciousness, would be an odd sort of a village. It certainly would not be quiet if Shaw lived in it. He may have a preference for quiet little old-fashioned churches by way of sharp contrast, since he says he attends them regularly, but he would certainly want a big theater and a first-class company to produce his plays next door.

And what sort of odd lovers would populate Bernard's lover's walk? Highly sophisticated, conversationally brilliant lovers with alarmingly cynical, socialistic views on all the questions of the day? Yet this gentleman is even recalling "the dark ages" as those of desirable piety to which it would be good for us to return. The essay smacks of the charm and gentleness of Elia, but alas, written by Shaw, it leaves us cold.

In modern edifices you see how the intellect, finding its worshippers growing colder, has had to abandon its dignity and cut capers to attract attention, giving the grotesque, the eccentric, the baroque, even the profane and blasphemous, until finally it is snubbed out of its vulgar attempts at self-assertion." That was not written about Mr. Shaw, but by him about modern churches! How his versatile intellect does anticipate our thoughts regarding him at times, and misapply our criticism!

* * *

"Everyman."

A morality play, served with Ballet Russe sauce, was "Everyman." A brilliant publicity campaign to make death popular. A nasty knock against friendship, whose counsels are shown as always selfish. A libel on the dear old earth and humanity. Ann Andrews as Paramour, depicted a queenly young person of fine dignity and unimpeachable manners. Mothers impersonated as mournful pessimists of pious gloom. Debtors exemplified as all poor and wretched and excusable. Everyman as wealthy, paltry, selfish but conscience-stricken.

A clever picture, yes. Artistic, oh, yes. But moral, no. Nor symbolical of life as we know it. Everyman would better be personated as neither poor nor rich, neither hard-hearted nor sentimental, but each by turns in spasms. He is a rare man who could show the adamant callousness of the Everyman of the play. The colors were laid on too thick for a sense of reality, so the lesson is lost. So few of us are ever as rich and glorious as that Everyman, and you could never make us believe we would act like that if we were. It was a morality play directed only against the very rich. The audience felt safely outside the arguments. And Labor, depicted as a humble, pleading gentleman who refrains from striking, scarcely accorded with our feeling toward the Four Brotherhoods and their threats on the highest paid wages in the country. Labor, forgiving, understanding, sympathetic—it did not ring true.

All the same that isn't why the vast army of clubwomen, who perpetually crave for the higher drama, who yearn plaintively for a more dignified degree of Art in the theater, who deplore their inability to support "trash," did not flock to fill up the empty seats at the Trinity Auditorium. Before the opening they had given the venture their

blessing. Whole blocks of seats were to be purchased by the various clubs, and it was heralded as the advent of worth-while dramatic production from many a platform. Yet if a hundred ardent lady literary and dramatic culturists visited the play, I should be surprised. There were two in the house the night I went.

Elevating Our Tastes.

There seems to be a very general agreement in cultured circles that our tastes in the drama and music and art need elevating. Los Angeles is not different from most other cities in this respect. They all have their priesthoods of the higher culture. But there appears to be a disconcerting difference between theory and practice. The melodramatic movies, the vaudeville show, the hurdy-gurdy music and the cheap art continue to thrive and the professional elevators to be behind with their monthly payments. We announce a preference for highbrow culture for our credit's sake—but we hate paying for it. As a subject of light well-bred conversation, the Little Theater, the Symphony Orchestra, the art exhibitions, Ballet Russe and Everyman, prove eminently praiseworthy—and we just don't entertain the professional elevators as guests of honor at parties. Like Christianity, we accord them our approval and our blessing, but we don't necessarily attend church regularly.

Los Angeles is simply permeated with lofty elevators intent upon improving our tastes. Heroically they have chosen this thankless profession, relying upon our professed yearnings. But somehow we consistently fail them. No doubt we consider that culture and Christianity should both be free. Virtue should be its own reward. But all the same, we wouldn't miss a new film by Charlie Chaplin for anything. We evidently don't really like being elevated. We will pay to see Charlie, but we expect complimentary seats at a really high-class entertainment, otherwise we'll stay home and play bridge.

The people who conscientiously provide us with "really good music," with "the finest in art," with "intellectual drama," with culture de luxe, all have a mournful tale to tell. They are, they say, casting their pearls before swine, yet they go nowhere where their special line of culture is not apparently rapturously appreciated. They are overwhelmed with complimentary encourage-

ment, which is inexpensive and unexacting. Most any hostess will invite them to give a free performance of enlightenment for her guests. Most any club will entertain them at luncheon and applaud their "few remarks."

Of course, we are not, but we seem like a hopeless lot of culture fakers. We will pay for food, shocks and giggles, but we positively won't pay to be elevated—not if we can help it. We are like those grateful inhabitants of old who decided to present their pastor with a cask of wine, each contributing his beakful from his harvest. It was found to contain nothing but water when presented. Each inhabitant had felt that one beakful of water would not be noticed in so many gallons!

Corporal Punishment.

A domestic magazine has opened up a correspondence on the desirability of corporal punishment for the young. The letters are naively autobiographical. The adult who was brought up on corporal chastisement, points out with satisfaction how great a boon it was in forming his present satisfactory character, while he who was reared spankless is equally assured that his sweet disposition and fine character are the result of parental abstention.

We simply yearn to come to a definite decision on this great subject. If only we could see the writers of those opinions and decide for ourselves! Their personal satisfaction with their personal well-being and spiritual perfection is encouraging, both ways. But how do they stand with the neighbors?

"Look what it did for me," is the burden of their arguments either way—and sometimes it is merciful how little they appreciate what it did for them.

But most fond mothers nowadays have settled the question for themselves. It is obvious that the neighbor's children ought to be spanked, but their own darlings don't need it.

One thing I do know. I was consistently spanked as a child for imaginative untruthfulness—and here I am earning my living as a journalist. And some people regard me as unpleasantly truthful today, while others find me quite as entertainingly untruthful.

[London Opinion:] "And have you lived here all your life?"

"No, mam, not yet!"

[100]

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LOWER CALIFORNIA'S LONELY WASTES.

A Miniture Sahara. By L. Worthington Green.

IN THESE days of the universal globetrotter few corners of the earth escape intimate description. No mountain is too high to be climbed and no forest too dense to be threaded. Perhaps the most potent barrier to invasion is dearth of water and right at our door is a little strip of country that possesses so many of the attributes of a real desert that it frowns away nearly every intruder. We know all about such places as Death Valley, for no desert, certainly one, that is not big, can remain inviolate, if it be surrounded by passable country, as Death Valley is. But this waste of which I shall speak has salt water on one side and sufficiently difficult mountains on the other, and it is not at all easy to even get there. It is on the eastern side of Lower California, about half-way down the peninsula.

The entire middle section of Lower California might be called a desert; it is almost uninhabited, its rainfall is just above naught, and its springs of water, nearly all very small, could be told off on the fingers. But the western part of that section is made tolerable by the trade winds from the Pacific, and it is only the eastern part that adds to its other qualifications those of a torrid sun and breathless atmosphere.

No official road crosses this middle section; the mail goes from Ensenada down to Santa Catarina, and comes up from Santa Rosalia in the south as far as Calmali, leaving a broad strip of untraversed country. Natives who must travel up or down make use of two main saddle trails; one trail passes west of the center and is called the coast road, though it nowhere approaches the Pacific; the other goes to the east and is called the mountain road, and that is the one which crosses the real desert. Leaving San Fernando, if one goes with burros, he will travel eleven or twelve days without seeing an inhabited place, and probably, as I did, without meeting a person. Before he gets through he will long, not for the flesh pots of Egypt, though they would not come amiss as a change from beans and baking powder biscuit, but for a drink of sweet water.

There is not much water of any kind, and what there is is most unnecessarily bad, with a great variety of badness. Some of it is so nauseous that coffee made from it is almost undrinkable, though tea made of the same water may be swallowed with a great degree of comfort. At San Francisco the water is so salt that if one were set down there blindfold he would be sure he was drinking from the ocean itself. At Calamoghe there is a choice; the worst is

indescribable, and the best is so impregnated with soda that it will cook beans tender in an hour, and with the addition of a little citric acid makes a sparkling drink. At Agua Amarga, the name tells the story, bitter water, so bitter that the animals, after two days without drinking, almost decided to endure another dry day rather than imbibe it.

One watering place is the Tinajas of Uval in a granite canyon. There one must dig down through many feet of loose sand that has drifted in to reach the water in the rock basins, and then it is such a disappointment. One would imagine that water preserved in natural bowls of rock must be delicious, but during the months, and perhaps years, since the last rain, it has absorbed all the vile flavors of the varied drift washed in with the torrent that filled the basins.

Uval is full of interest. When Lower California supported thousands of Indians it was a populous place. The granite sides of the canyon are honeycombed and each little cavern possesses its tenants.

In the sand below the caverns and about the Tinajas are to be found flint arrow-points and knives. One point I picked up was the smallest I ever saw, barely an inch long and scarcely larger than a darning needle, and yet, though so minute, in perfect condition.

Other tinajas quite as famous are those of Beneco, named for a man who died in one of the caverns in recent years, and whose wraith is supposed to rende the locality uncanny, though why one modern fatality should bestow such a reputation seems strange, when during former times there must have been hundreds of deaths at any one of these tinajas. However, as Beneco is the only water that is at all permanent in a stretch of 100 miles of road, its ghostly inhabitant does not keep travelers away.

Another tinaja, the largest and finest that I ever saw, is in a narrow canyon and is of clean rock without any encumbering sand. It is thirty feet across and deeper than the longest pole I could find, which was about eighteen feet. As the canyon is so narrow that the sun never reaches the water, one cannot imagine such a tinaja ever going dry.

The water, moreover, is sweet and delicious, and altogether it is an ideal natural reservoir. Tinajas are the main points of interest in the desert, and in traveling through one searches for them instead of for streams or springs. Indeed, the traveler who expended his energies in looking for

flowing water would surely be lost. Tinajas, too, are usually difficult to find, those that are buried beneath drifting sand would be easily passed did not the animals turn dug up. The last tinaja mentioned, for to them and wait for the water to be which I never knew a name, was indicated by a small monument of loose rocks piled by the side of the trail at the mouth of its canyon; a canyon so narrow as to be only a slit in the mountain side.

To fully appreciate a desert one should cross it afoot; it matters not whether he started out that way, the same purpose will be served if some of his pack animals give out and he is obliged to pack his saddle animal. Then it should be hot, very sandy and a long time between drinks. These conditions seem to be imperative in the formation of a true desert, and all of them obtain here. One is either toiling across a sandy plain, or climbing over a rocky mountain, and he is pretty sure to be a long distance from water.

Dry camps are a common occurrence, and as the animals become poorer and weaker from lack of water and scanty feed, one will miss his reckoning of distance and sometimes one dry camp will be succeeded by another, and then he will find that he has very little water to drink and not any for cooking, and he will skip a couple of meals. At such times one must forego ablutions, which at the best are perfunctory, and substitute a dry wash with a bit of gunny-sack to remove the pot-black and sand.

But if water is scarce under-foot, it is also scarce overhead, and one need bother very little about rain. When it does come, however, one should not let it find him in the bed of a canyon, for the accumulated moisture of years will probably descend all at once and all in one spot. As the mountains are precipitous and utterly bare of trees, and the canyons are deep and perpendicular, a very respectable flood may result in a few minutes.

There is one ranch in this desolation, San Luis, but it is some ten miles to one side of the road, and one who is not informed would never suspect its existence. In a rocky rincón wells a spring of most excellent water, which has always been sufficient for two or three hundred head of cattle. The spot is a veritable oasis, where grass along the stretch of the canyon springs up as if by magic and shrubs remain green beyond a seeming possibility. The cattle of the ranch prove that, with an abundance of sweet water, animals may maintain a fairly good condition by brows-

ing on desert shrubs, for on the surrounding mountains there is no grass whatever. There are, however, other growths besides shrubs, notably the mescal, upon which cattle feed.

If the animals can find a place for their muzzle between the sharp spines of the mescal they greedily eat the rich heart. Many miles of desert plain, though it may furnish no feed for stock, presents the appearance of a dense forest devoid of foliage, with its giant cardon, towering and tapering cirio and ocotillo, garambullo and pitahaya.

Going in from the main road, just before reaching San Luis, the trail passes over a bare hill which is strewn thick with huge granite boulders and winding between those the traveler suddenly looks down upon a clump of feathery palms clustered about the water, a most grateful sight after many miles of sand and rocks.

For the most part in the desert there is no grass, horses and burros living on the branches of a small leafless tree called dipus.

Surrounding Calmali these branches are lopped off, made into bundles and packed to the mining camp on the backs of burros from a distance of ten or fifteen miles. The ability of animals to support life on dipus is, however, an acquired art, for animals that are taken into the region from God's country at first refuse it, and can only be induced to eat it by the bitter force of starvation. Yet it was on the border of this desert where I saw the most beautiful floral display that I ever witnessed; miles of glorious white lilies, the desert amaryllis, frequently showing as many as fifteen superb flowers on one spike. The bulbs were very deep in the ground, usually about one foot below the surface, and from the growth displayed must have found abundant moisture, though it had probably been many months since rain fell. The flowers gave out a delicious fragrance and were quite as large and fine as the Easter lily furnished by our florists. It was an excellent example of the wonderful surprises and contradictions presented by the desert. Often where it seems as though nothing could possibly grow, there will appear in the spring, as if by magic, beautiful flowers of varied hues, though usually there will be displayed only a flower stalk, with very little embellishment of leaves, for nature, in such places of stress, hoards her energies to the extreme, and expends none of them on appendages that are not absolutely necessary to the perpetuation of the plant.

Japan's Corals.

ATTEMPT TO BE MADE TO SUPPLANT ITALY IN WORLD'S MARKETS.

[Argonaut:] The coral industry of Japan has received a strong stimulus from the European war. Previously the country exported about half of its crude coral to Italy, where there was a steady demand for it on account of the practical exhaustion of the coral beds in the Mediterranean. Skilled Italian workmen carved the coral into the various forms demanded by the fashions and tastes of the Occident. As Italian-carved coral it was sold through Dutch distributors to the whole world. The Italian dominance in the coral industry has been due to priority in the field and to a knowledge of the styles of carving in demand among Occidental buyers. Japan has been handicapped, not by a lack of skill in carving (for it is in the domain of small carvings that Japan has been recognized as supreme,) but by failure to have an up-to-date knowledge of Occidental fashions and tastes. It was only necessary to teach artisans already skilled in carving ivory and wood to work with a new medium. But the Japanese have not ventured to produce any manufactured coral except what was suited for sale in the home market. This has been practically limited to beads and netsuke (small buttons used as ornaments on the strings of tobacco pouches). The beads are of all sizes and are sold in strings of three or four inches in length, as hair ornaments for women. In the manufacture of coral beads the Japanese are recognized as the equals if not the superiors of the Italian workmen.

A realization of the opportunity created by the war for Japan to take the place of Italy in the production of carved coral has led the Japanese government, through the marine experiment stations, to undertake the training of artisans in the carving of coral for sale in Europe and America. The coral beds are worked by divers in the employ of a master diver, who receives the take as it comes in, grades it, and when a sufficient amount has been obtained, asks for bids on the lots of each grade. Representatives of the leading exporting and wholesale firms are always at hand during the season the best coral is taken, to inspect the take and proffer bids. The total annual take is about 65,000 pounds, valued at \$700,000. The color of the coral has a great deal to do with the value placed upon it. The most expensive is "boke," a pale quince color. Single beads of this color, suitable for manufacture into ornamental hairpins, bring from \$10 to \$50 each. The next color in value is pink, followed by white, light red and dark red.

New Year Custom in China.

[The Argonaut:] The Chinese have a custom of celebrating the advent of New Year's, either by paying off old debts, or, if they are creditors and the debtor is unable to pay, then by cancelling the debt. Thus the new year begins with a clean slate. Communities are all alike in many respects and the problem of Waukon is the problem of a thousand others. We have too many unpaid accounts on our books. Why not profit by the Waukon idea and have a pay-up week the country over, when the slate shall be wiped clean and the new year started free of debt?

A Scientific Mystery.

[New York World:] Fireflies flashing in unison were observed by Edward S. Morse fifty years ago, and since then he has been trying to find some confirmation of his observations, but in vain until a few weeks ago, when Prof. E. B. Poulton of Bedford sent him a proof sheet of a book he is editing entitled "A Naturalist in Borneo," by the late R. Shelford. Mr. Morse sends an extract from this to Science:

"On the opposite bank was a small tree growing close to the water's edge, which was covered with thousands of fireflies, small beetles of the family lampyridae, and I observed that the light emitted by these little creatures pulsated in a regular synchronous rhythm, so that at one moment the tree would be one blaze of light, while at another the light would be dim and uncertain. This concerted action of thousands of insects is very remarkable and not very easy of explanation."

"Another instance of it was mentioned by Cox. Certain ants that are found very frequently proceeding in columns along the floor of the jungle, when alarmed, knock their heads against the leaves or dead sticks which they happen to be traversing. Every member of a community makes the necessary movement at the same time, and as the movements are rapid a distinct loud rattling sound is heard. In this case the action is probably a danger signal, and we can understand—theoretically, at any rate—how it was brought about. But the value to the species of the rhythmic-light pulsation of the fireflies is not obvious, and as it is doubtful if the emission of phosphorescent light is under the control of the insect, or is merely a simple automatic process of metab-

olism, its synchronism is a most puzzling fact."

And Dr. Herman C. Bumpus wrote Mr. Morse that years ago in riding from Falmouth to Woods Hole his attention was arrested by noticing in a field along the road a large number of fireless flashing synchronously.

The Successful Boy.

[Philadelphia Public Ledger:] Just fifty years ago a boy walked into the office of a leading Philadelphia private banker and asked for a job. He got it and with it a salary of \$16 a month.

As he puts it today, "I wanted to make a little money," and I betray no confidence of the income tax collector when I say that he has made it—even unto several times a little.

The distance from newest office boy in a flourishing bank to senior partner in the firm of J. P. Morgan and the head of Drexel is very great, but Edward T. Stotesbury covered that gulf in the even half century which has now elapsed since he entered the employ of Drexel.

I say senior partner in the Morgan firm because since the elder Morgan died Mr. Stotesbury's membership in the firm is of longer duration than that of any other partner.

What made that boy advance more rapidly than other lads who fifty years ago found a new job in Philadelphia? I heard Mr. Stotesbury answer that question himself. He said he was promoted as a youth because he always knew a little bit more than the particular job he was holding called for. You would be Stotesbury of 1966 hearken to that suggestion and go profit by it!

I consider the Kobuk Valley one of the much games.

ter and summer, I bring up a home, cabin from the north of Alaska, great copper deposits, coal of Cape Lisburne, silver in the placers—Kotzebue Sound and its Eskimos—a country of flowers, fish and game—fur farming and its possibilities.

second of 100 acres about 300 miles east of Nome, where there are no roads or trails, but there are some good ones and without difficulties.

Then you'll find more to do than you can possibly imagine. We'll have some fine houses in our little town and some good ones and without difficulties.

Yes, it is all free soil, some fine land and some good ones and without difficulties.

The Kobuk men and women are in our little town and some good ones and without difficulties.

Well kind of a climate have you? I live in Uncle Sam's territory.

It is the farthest north of any place we could find out in the open and also the sound. We have the best climate for fur production, furs and bears. We grow some crops, meat, some deer, moose, caribou, bear, but that all homesteaded in Uncle Sam's territory.

The sound is so deep that we could never get out in the open and also the sound. We have the best climate for fur production, furs and bears. We grow some crops, meat, some deer, moose, caribou, bear, but that all homesteaded in Uncle Sam's territory.

The Illustrated Weekly Magazine

[Saturday]

LIFE IN THE HEART OF ARCTIC ALASKA.

Kotzebue and the Kobuk. By Frank G. Carpenter.

Strange Features.

THE KOBUK VALLEY AND ITS BIG GOLD NUGGETS—GREAT COPPER DEPOSITS. THE COAL OF CAPE LISBURNE—SILVER IN THE PLACERS—KOTZEBUE SOUND AND ITS ESKIMOS—A COUNTRY OF FLOWERS, FISH AND GAME—FUR FARMING AND ITS POSSIBILITIES.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

NOME (Alaska.)

There's a land above the Arctic, they call it Kotzebue; I seem to hear it callin', it's callin' me and you. It ain't no place for children, nor for women, understand: 'Taint no place for mollycoddles, but for men with lots of sand. Seems thousand miles from nowhere and a million from a sand. A-judgin' from the silence that's a-hangin' all around. But again I hear it callin', it's callin' me and you. So I'm callin' in the mornin', sailin' north to Kotzebue.

—Edgar C. Rains.

THIS letter relates to Kotzebue and the Kobuk. It deals with arctic Alaska, that vast area which lies between the Arctic Circle and the Arctic

cession, while for a part of the winter his home is almost shrouded in darkness.

A Birdseye View.

But before I give the gist of these interviews let us take a birdseye view of the country to which they relate. Arctic Alaska comprises about one-fourth of the territory. It is almost half the size of Texas, more than twice the size of Illinois, and three times the size of Ohio, Virginia or Kentucky. If you could lift it up and drop it down upon Europe it would more than cover the half of France, Germany or the Spanish peninsula, and it would entirely hide the British Isles with its blanket of snow.

Arctic Alaska may be said to begin a little south of Bering Strait and to run from there eastward to the Canadian boundary, and northward to the Arctic Ocean. The country comprises some parts of the northern watershed of the Yukon and it includes the Rocky Mountain system, which, extending from the United States through Canada,

than any other under the American flag. It has a few white men living along Kotzebue Sound and on the banks of the Kobuk River, and there are, all told, perhaps three or four thousand Eskimos. The Eskimos are scattered along the Arctic Ocean in little settlements, the largest of which have only three or four hundred souls. There are several Eskimo villages in the interior. The government has established schools at nearly all of these settlements and many of the Eskimos are growing rich in the raising of reindeer. They also hunt walrus for their ivory tusks, which they sell to traders, and they deal largely in furs.

One of the chief trading stations is at Kotzebue Sound. The white men in charge there tell me that they have during the summer 500 native families living in canvas tents, and that the Eskimos come in by sea from as far north as Point Barrow. They use great skin boats, called omiaks,

of the largest rivers of Northern Alaska. One is the Kobuk, which is six or seven hundred miles long; another, the Noatak, which is almost as large, and a third is the Selawik, which is more than half the length of the Kobuk. The port is an open roadstead, but there is good shelter for ships, except when the south wind blows.

"What sort of a settlement have you at Kotzebue?"

"It is little more than a trading station. It has a store and a fish cannery. The chief industry is the fisheries, the Eskimos coming from long distances to catch and dry their supply of fish for the winter.

"Are the fish of that region valuable?"

"Yes. They are caught in the icebergs and are fine and fat. Owing to the intense cold, they have a coat of blubber between the skin and the flesh. We have a great many salmon, and also speckled trout and Dolly Varden trout. Our cannery has a capacity of 15,000 cans per annum, and it has been shipping salmon and salmon trout for



The Eskimos use skin boats called omiaks.



Hunting the walrus.

Kotzebue Sound in winter.

Ptarmigan of the Kobuk.

Ocean. It treats of one of the least known countries of the world and one of the strangest. My information concerning it comes from talks with its prospectors and explorers, who have drifted to Nome for their winter supplies, and with the miners and traders who live there and who have taken advantage of open navigation to pay their annual summer visit to this metropolis of the North. Last night, for instance, I had a long talk with a man who has a store and trading station on Kotzebue Sound, and during my stay I have had several interviews with Judge M. F. Moran, who represents our farthest north in the Legislature of Alaska. He lives so far away from Juneau, the capital, that his mileage allowance is \$300. His home is at Shungnak, on the Kobuk River above the Arctic Circle, and so far north that during the summer he has broad daylight for three months in suc-

runs almost to the western end of Alaska. This range in Alaska is nearly 100 miles wide, and it slopes down into the plains which border the Arctic Ocean. The mountains are a mile and a half high where the range leaves Canada, and they fall to the height of the Alleghenies, or lower, on their way westward.

The coastal plains are a part of the tundra belt that encircles the Arctic Ocean. Much of the ground is low and swampy. It has great lagoons and morasses and many slow-flowing rivers. The plains are covered with moss, upon which the Eskimos graze their reindeer. There is practically no timber, except the stunted trees in the mountains and the alders and willows that grow along the banks of the streams.

Most Sparsely Populated.

The vast country has less population

than any other under the American flag. It has a few white men living along Kotzebue Sound and on the banks of the Kobuk River, and there are, all told, perhaps three or four thousand Eskimos. The Eskimos are scattered along the Arctic Ocean in little settlements, the largest of which have only three or four hundred souls. There are several Eskimo villages in the interior. The government has established schools at nearly all of these settlements and many of the Eskimos are growing rich in the raising of reindeer. They also hunt walrus for their ivory tusks, which they sell to traders, and they deal largely in furs.

They have caught in the winter and trade them for calicos, gingham and other cloth. They buy all kinds of hardware and especially needles for the sewing of parkas and mukluks. They want the best of guns, knives and hatchets. They buy canned foods of various kinds and even stoves and window glass to take back to their homes. One reason for their coming to Kotzebue is to catch salmon, the winter food supply for themselves and their dogs.

Big Rivers There.

I asked the trader to tell me something as to the character of Kotzebue Sound. He replied:

"It is a great bay, into which flow some

thirty feet long. Such boats will carry from four or five years. The salmon is of a light five to eight tons. They have square sails color and it does not bring so much for that reason. But to offset this we have the Dolly Varden trout, which reaches a weight of ten or fifteen pounds and a length of three feet. The trout are especially fine. They are caught in abundance when running and the output of the cannery might be greatly increased."

Farthest North Homestead.

One of the best authorities on Kotzebue Sound and the Kobuk River is Judge M. F. Moran, who lives on the Kobuk two or three hundred miles from the sound. He said:

"It is 3000 miles from Seattle to Kotzebue, and the steamers make regular sailings there every July and August. There are small steamers on the Kobuk and goods are carried up that stream into the heart of the Territory. I live in the Kobuk Valley

Gardens, Streets, Parks, Lakes. By Ernest Brantton.

MAKING THE CITY AND HOME BEAUTIFUL.

THE POULTRYMEN'S CLEARANCE HOUSE.

Lessons of the Poultry Show. By Henry W. Kruckeberg.

Echoes from the Show.

The late poultry show of the Breeders' Association was indeed a fortunate affair. The weather during the week was superb; the exhibition room large and well lighted; the exhibits, though not so strong numerically as on previous occasions, were nevertheless great in variety of breeds, cooped as well as in the quality of the birds; the attendance was larger than usual, and evinced a lively interest in the exhibits.

As usual the Plymouth Rocks constituted the largest class, indicating that the breed is holding its own in the fancy and commercial atmosphere. The Barred numbered ninety-four entries, the winning specimens being up to standard, though possibly no better than the average of those shown twenty years ago. There is such a thing as "the limit" in breeding for points, and in breeds and varieties that have become long established, to maintain quality at its best is about all that is to be expected. Especially is this true of Barred Rocks, which have long maintained a foremost place in the industry. In Whites there were shown some really regal specimens, particularly good were the male and female that captured the Los Angeles Times Illustrated Weekly Cup for the best cock and hen in the American class. Buffs were a rather small class of average quality; but in the Partridge there were some fine specimens showing good color markings and fine type.

The Wyandottes were not so strong as in earlier shows, the total being seventy-seven of all varieties. Of these the Whites were far in the lead, displaying some really good specimens, with pure white plumage, clear yellow legs and beaks, good eye, and the typical curves in carriage and type that are a distinctive Wyandotte characteristic. Buffs, Columbians, Golden and Partridge were small entries, indicating that these are not so popular as formerly.

The Rhode Island Reds, like the Rocks, maintain their following, the total number being 221. There were a few Rhode Island Whites which attracted some attention as a novelty. As far as our observation goes, they are still a negligible quantity in the breeding yards as well as in the show room. With White Rocks, Wyandottes and Orpingtons in the field they will certainly have to "go some" to become a factor of consequence.

All entries in Asiatics were light excepting the Light Brahmans, which contained a larger number of birds than has been shown in Southern California for some years. And the winning specimens were indeed good birds—typical in shape, good color of plumage, fine head and leg points, and well groomed. If we are to have Asiatics, we know of no breed or variety that makes a stronger appeal on grounds of utility and beauty than the Light Brahma. The generation of older fanciers can remember the Cochin craze of twenty years ago, when that breed occupied the center of the poultry stage; of late years it has almost become obsolete in the show room, hence it was a pleasure to note a pen of Partridge Cochins that possessed good type and correct color markings. As an element of variety and completeness to an exhibition we should like to see the Cochin fancy strengthened. Bred at its best, the Buffs, Blacks and Partridge are certainly beautiful birds. Black Langshans were a small but good class; in Whites there were but three entries.

As usual the Mediterranean were strong. In White Leghorns, first cock, hen, cockerel and pullet were all owned by one exhibitor. In plumage, clear yellow legs and beak, graceful carriage and good head points these birds left little to be desired. Browns were a small entry and on the whole not so good as exhibits given at this show during the past two or three years. The Blacks and Buffs were of good average. There were a few so-called Partridge Leghorns which were hardly entitled to the name, as the color markings were not at all pronounced.

Owing to the fact that the American Black Minorca Club held its annual convention during the show, there were brought together an unusual fine exhibit of the breed, the total number being 190 in the Single Comb Blacks alone. The quality of copies are to be had of Walter M. Ross, Sec-



TYPICAL WHITE PLYMOUTH ROCK COCKEREL.

As noted elsewhere on this page the American class of poultry predominated in the late Los Angeles show, of which the White Rocks, though not in numbers the largest, nevertheless gained the proud distinction of winning the Los Angeles Times Illustrated Weekly's Cup for the best male and female exhibited in this class, bred and owned by Albert A. Bamford of Gardena. As a general-purpose fowl the White Rock is indeed ideal, standing confinement well, while the hens are good layers of brown-shelled eggs. For table purposes they supply a plump yellow-skinned carcass of excellent flavor, cocks weighing nine pounds and up; hens seven and up. On this account all varieties of Plymouth Rocks are popular for family flocks

the California birds was again shown in rotary of the Poultry Breeders' Association, the fact that all flocks were won by them, Glendale, Cal.

The Whites and Buffs were a small class. The latter being a comparatively new breed, the specimens exhibited gave evidence of improvement.

All W. F. Black Spanish and Blue Andalusians were entered by two exhibitors which gave no field for competition. Quality was good, however, in both breeds.

Anconas were a rather strong class totaling sixty-nine individual birds. The winners were of fine quality, good in type and color of plumage. This breed is gaining quite a following on this Coast, based principally on the good performance of the hens in producing good average crops of ten fruit.

In the English class, the Orpingtons in all varieties maintain their popularity. No better whites, buffs and blacks are to be found anywhere than were staged at this show. As a general purpose fowl they rank with the Plymouth Rock and Wyandotte, and on the whole are quite as popular in California. The Sussex breed was not so well represented as on former occasions, notably two years ago, while the Dark Cornish just about held its own. The latter two are essentially meat breeds and as such merit the attention of market poultrymen.

Of the remaining exhibits the entries were rather small, while in bantams the show was rather full and complete, particularly as to breeds and varieties. There was the usual showing of turkeys, ducks, geese, pigeons, rabbits, etc.

For the benefit of readers, we desire to call attention to the fact that the show management issues an annual catalogue giving the names of all exhibitors whose birds have won honors. This booklet is of service to people wanting to purchase breeding stock of any breed or variety that was exhibited, because giving the names of exhibitors possessing good strains of breeding stock. This catalogue is published at a nominal cost of 10 cents, and copies are to be had of Walter M. Ross, Sec-

All of which again reminds us, why not improve the breeds and varieties we already have, rather than strive for something new? Surely to breed in perfection any of the present Standard fowl is an undertaking that may well enlist the best efforts of our foremost fanciers and breeders. Is it not so?

Diseases and Methods of Prevention.

A press bulletin from the Texas Department of Agriculture contains some suggestions on the question of poultry diseases that apply to other sections of country besides the Lone Star State. Allowing that there are principal avenues by which disease may be introduced, namely, by poorly equipped poultry houses, wherein the birds are subjected to sudden changes of weather, cold draughts, etc., as with catarrh, roup, etc.; by improper feeding; and by buying or swapping for diseased birds, it states that the first way may be prevented by the use of disinfectants and providing comfortable quarters; the second, by disinfectants and the regulation of feeds; and the third, by the abandonment of the traffic in diseased birds. Unfortunately in this late day, with the premises often infested with rats, it is doubtful if any disinfectant will prove successful, since it is known that rats are carriers of a number of poultry diseases that are contagious.

Some of these germs are easily killed, while others are very difficult. For the inside of the houses, including the roost and nest boxes, hot lime wash is recommended. This wash should be applied two or three times a year. One-fourth pint of carbolic acid should be added to every gallon of the wash. This will kill both animal parasites and microbes. When a gaseous disinfectant is needed to reach the ceilings of the house and the hanging roost, take one pint of formalin (formaldehyde) 40 per cent. strength, and mix in one gallon of water; spray thoroughly on the walls, ceilings, roost, etc. The building should be tight and the operator should stand at the door, spray the back part first and spray in a hurry, and as soon as completed come out, closing the door. Let it remain closed until about 4 or 5 o'clock p.m. If this treatment should begin in the morning this would give ample time to destroy all germs. Remember, the building should be airtight, or nearly so, to get results. Stop buying or swapping birds and destroy the rats, as these rodents may carry the disease a long distance, and with the rats bringing the germs to the poultry yard, even disinfectants may prove a failure.

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LIFE IN THE HEART OF ARCTIC ALASKA.

The Illustrated Weekly Magazine

[Saturday.]

and have been there for twelve years, winter and summer. I have then up a homestead of 230 acres about 300 miles east of the sound. It is the farthest north of any homestead in Uncle Sam's territory."

"What kind of a climate have you?" I asked.

"I consider the Kobuk Valley one of the most delightful parts of Alaska," replied Judge Moran. "We have four months of summer and six or seven months of very cold weather. All the streams are frozen solid by the 1st of October, and we have a steady cold from then until about the middle of May. Shortly after that the ice goes out with a rush and summer begins."

"How cold does it get during the winter?"

"The thermometer sometimes goes down to 50 or 60 degrees below zero, but as a rule it is much above that, and we have weeks when it is only a few degrees above or below. The air is dry and there is but little wind, and we have no trouble to keep ourselves warm. There are, perhaps, seventy-five white people who live on the Kobuk and its tributaries. Many of the men have brought their wives with them, and children have been born in the country. Among our people are emigrants from North Dakota and Minnesota; they say that the climate of the Kobuk is quite as good as the country from which they came."

No Use for Lamps in Summer.

"Give me an idea of your summers."

"They are delightful. We have many days when the thermometer goes up to 80, and I have seen it at 94 degrees above zero. It is light all the time during the summer. We put away our lamps in March and do not bring them out until late in September. You can read a newspaper at any hour of the night without artificial light. There is so much sunshine that everything grows twice as fast as in the States. The grass along the river is as high as your head and the land everywhere is green and spotted with wild flowers. We have great fields of blue forget-me-nots, thousands of wild roses of a delicate pink, buttercups as yellow as gold and sheets of fireweed that wave under the wind like masses of flames. We have altogether forty different varieties of wild flowers. We have also many wild berries. Our cranberries are only half as large as those of the States, but they are redder and their flavor is better. We have wild raspberries, gooseberries and currants, and salmonberries of a pale lemon color. We have all kinds of moss, and especially that upon which the reindeer feeds. There are now several thousand reindeer in the district. They are owned by the Eskimos.

"We are now raising vegetables. We used

to bring our turnips, potatoes, carrots and cabbages from Seattle, not realizing that we could grow them ourselves. We now raise all we want out in the open and also lettuce, peas and beans. We grow the finest of tomatoes and cucumbers in our hothouses."

Much Game.

"Tell me something about the game of the Kobuk."

"It is of many varieties and we are so far north that no one bothers about getting a license for hunting. There is excellent fishing. The streams of the delta are such that you can travel hundreds of miles in a gasoline launch. They are deep, but the water is so clear that you can see the bottom almost everywhere.

"The whole valley is full of wild birds. There are great flocks of wild geese, ducks and sandhill cranes that come to feed on the berries that grow on the banks of the lakes. These birds arrive about May 1, sending out their scouts in advance. The natives watch for the first goose and then prepare for the hunt.

"We have two species of ptarmigan," Judge Moran continued. "One of these is the size of a quail and the other that of a prairie chicken. These birds are to be found the year around, and, strange to say, they change their color with the season. In the summer the feathers are brown, the color of the tundra. In the winter they turn to snow white, so that it is difficult to see the birds against the snow. This is a protection of nature. It is the same with our rabbits.

"They are brown in the summer and in the winter, snow white. We have millions of rabbits. They feed on the bark of the willow trees and they will eat the bark as high as they can reach, standing on the snow as they do so. This kills the trees and you often see dead willow thickets of vast extent."

"Have you any big game?"

"We have the moose here and there and thousands of caribou. The caribou go about in large droves in the winter. As to fur animals, we have otter and muskrat, ermine and marten, and our mink are noted the world over for their fine fur."

"How about foxes?"

"We have the best that can be found in the frigid zone," replied Judge Moran. "We have every kind, including the red, the cross, the black or silver tip and the white and the blue. All of these foxes belong to two families. The red fox includes the cross and the black. The white includes the blue. Our red foxes average about seventeen pounds in weight. The white and blue foxes will run about eight pounds."

"Can fur-farming be carried on at a profit in that part of Alaska?"

"There is no doubt of it," said Judge Moran. "We have the ideal climate for fur production and we can breed foxes, marten, mink and ermine. The Kobuk was once the natural home of the beaver, but that animal is now almost extinct. During one year we shipped muskrat skins to the amount of \$100,000. We are now shipping none. Muskrats could be raised on farms all over Alaska."

Has a Fox Farm.

"As to foxes, I have started a fur farm at Shungnak and am breeding whites, reds and crosses. I have had as many as seventy-two foxes at one time, and I am now rapidly increasing my supply by buying breeding stock of the natives. I pay them one and a half times the value of the skin. Until lately I have lost a number of foxes because I did not know how strong to make the pens or inclosures in which they were kept. I began with high fences of chicken wire, but that wire was too weak and the mesh was not right. The animals walked right through it. Now I have a fourteen gauge steel wire, with a two-inch mesh. It is made for fox fencing and it seems to be excellent."

"What do you know about the Kobuk River?"

"I ought to know something," said Judge Moran. "I have lived on the Kobuk for more than a decade and have hunted and fished and prospected for gold all along it and its tributaries. The Kobuk is about the best stream in Arctic Alaska. It is 600 miles long. It flows from east to west, not far north of the Arctic Circle, and empties into the Arctic Ocean at Kotzebue Sound. The stream winds about like the Yukon and its delta has as many mouths as the Mississippi. In normal times it is navigable for 200 miles for steamers of two and one-half feet draft. It is a better river than the Tanana, and shallow draft boats can go further up it."

"Is the country well mineralized?"

"Yes, there is more or less gold all along the Kobuk. You can drive your shovel almost anywhere into the gravel of the creeks and find color. In 1913 a nugget as big as my hand was brought into the store at Kotzebue Sound and traded for goods. That nugget weighed forty-four and one-half ounces and its actual value was almost \$1000. The miner who brought it said he had found it when moving his sluice boxes. He had it on his shovel and had thrown it away with the other rocks when he noticed that the shovel seemed heavy. He then went over to where he had thrown the stuff and found the nugget in the mud.

He washed the mud off and saw that the lump was pure gold."

"Then your gold must be coarse?"

"Yes, it is all free gold, some fine and some coarse. We catch it in sluice boxes and without quicksilver."

Prospectors and Miners at Work.

"Is there much mining being done?"

"We have a number of prospectors and miners who are working on the creeks that flow into the Kobuk. There are some also on the Squirrel and Shungnak Rivers. I have a mining property on Dahl Creek. In 1910 a nugget was found there that was worth \$700. As to the gold of Arctic Alaska, our country is in the infancy of its development. Many of the creeks carry low-grade gravel that will some day be dredged at a profit. We have also gold quartz in which you can see the fine grains of gold with the naked eye."

"What other minerals have you?"

"The country has never been prospected," replied Judge Moran. "It is full of minerals, but no one knows just what there is nor the values. As to copper, we have some large deposits. Mr. Bradley, the manager of the great gold mines at Treadwell, took one option on a copper find near the Kobuk River at a price of \$400,000. That was about twelve years ago, when copper was low. The price continued to decline and he finally gave up the option. At the present time the deposit could probably be mined at a great profit."

"Among the other minerals we have large deposits of asbestos, silver and coal. Some of the silver is placer and can be washed from the streams. We have also antimony and tungsten and a jude which, it is believed, will command a high price in the market."

"Are the coal deposits of any value?"

"There is one mine on the Kobuk that has supplied the local demand for the past eighteen years, and there are other beds of fairly good coal near the Arctic Ocean. There are some deposits near Cape Lisburne that have been known a long time. They were mentioned by Henry D. Wolfe, who had worked in them prior to the census of 1890. He describes the coal as semi-bituminous, and says it will make steam quickly, although it has a large percentage of ash. One of the deposits covers twenty-five square miles. It is also reported that there is a lake of oil and oil springs northwest of Wainwright. The government has long known of an oil belt there, but the region has not been surveyed nor prospected. In fact, no one knows what we have in these far northern parts of Alaska. It may be that the next great gold stampede will be to this region."

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In the Spring Came a Voice from the Future.

BY MARGARET HEATH MACKEAN.

THE party of the first part de- poseth and saith: First, that he never surmised that there were young ferns in this park; second, that he has never been notified of the existence of young ferns in this park; and third, that he has never observed any young ferns in said park. Therefore, it has been clearly and finally adjudicated that there are no ferns in the aforementioned park, with which decision Jack stretched out six feet of legal laziness upon the warm sod.

"But, Jack, I know there must be ferns here, because I smell them," argued Pauline, lifting a Harrison Fisher nose and daintily sniffing the fragrant air.

"Pauline, how often must I caution you against your boasting about your unusual olfactory prowess?" reproved the young man plaintively. "Your sense of smell is altogether too acute for a cultured kindergartner."

"Lazibones, you shall not harangue me out of my fern hunt," said the girl, making a little move at him and flitting away. As she darted in and out among the trees, now peering under a purpling lilac bush, now pulling aside a blushing syringa or bending to inspect the ground near some moss-grown oak, her soft draperies floated airy about her and blended with the delicate verdure of the shrubbery until she seemed part of nature's color scheme.

"By Jove, Pauline, you are a veritable wood nymph," admired Jack as he pulled himself up and lounged after, stuffing his tobacco into his pipe and searching for a

match. Then he added as an afterthought, "Why are you so partial to green?"

"O, wise young judge to be so observant," laughed Pauline. "Find my ferns for me and I shall unfold to you the only original and true tale of the allotment of colors as it is handed down from third sister to third sister," then ecstatically, "Oh, the darlings!" as Jack shoved aside some underbrush and disclosed a nursery of young ferns cuddled close to warm Mother Earth. "Be careful and don't break their dear little fingers," she cautioned as her companion spaded them out with his pocketknife and placed them in the waiting basket.

"This is the seventh day and I ought to be resting instead of earning my amusement by the sweat of my brow," grumbled Jack. "Are you going to tell me the story, teacher, and may I light my pipe before you tell it?"

"Yes, good boy. You may light your pipe, and I shall tell you the story as soon as I place my ferns where the sun will not wilt them."

"Don't make it too intellectual," pleaded the young man mockingly.

"I shall fit it to your understanding," said the girl.

Jack chuckled and after shying a pebble at an insulting blue jay, settled down contentedly to be entertained.

"Now," began Pauline in a "listen-my-children" voice, "this is the story as it was made known to me, a third sister, by a third sister of a third sister.

"And lo, it came to pass that Mother leaves off the tree of knowledge rare and Eve did look upon her daughter dear, her laid them at the woman's feet."

"Eve plucked the bright leaves from the ground and from them spun a robe as softly green and warm as meadows are when kissed by May Day suns, and put the garment on the child who laughed aloud for joy.

"And now, in course of time a second daughter came to Earth. So fair and pure the maid, with heaven-hued eyes and sun-kissed hair, she seemed half child, half angel white. So Mother Eve went forth and gathered all the faint-hued flowers—the daisy, violet, daffodil, the waving bluebell, too—and quickly spun a cloth that glistened like the moonbeams fair, and thus enrobed the child.

"And now behold, another girl was given unto Eve, a rebel babe with ruby locks and tiny, tight-shut fists that beat the air, and sturdy legs that kicked against the pricks. It was exceeding cold, and loud the babe did lift her voice in wrath and weep unto the dawning of the day.

"And troubled sore was Mother Eve, for far and wide upon the earth there was no rose, no daisy, pink nor violet, no single flower, not even a blade of grass with which to weave a covering for the child.

"She wandered to fair Eden's edge and looked with longing eyes upon the mass of bloom beyond the turning swords' bright flame.

"And lo, a kindly wind did rash out from the gate and in his arms he bore the

man smiling, and releasing the hand absently watched a prosperous-looking robin who was critically examining the apartment-tree that his plump wife had selected for their summer home.

Pauline tried to shake off the unwanted sensation of self-consciousness that was stealing over her.

"Look at Mrs. Sparrow," she laughed, pointing to a hardworking mother sparrow who had carefully divided a luscious worm into minute parts and was carrying the fragments to a neighboring tree where her approach was greeted by joyful squawks. "She is almost as frugal as our beloved

(CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY)

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3 Pages
—16 PAGES

THE POULTRYMAN'S CLEARENCE HOUSE.

MAKING THE CITY AND HOME BEAUTIFUL.
Gardens, Streets, Parks, Lakes. By Ernest Brauton.

Do Americans Love Flowers?

THIS is a question lately agitating the general press as well as the class papers in the eastern part of our great country. Do we love flowers? Certainly we love 'em, else we wouldn't have 'em in such profusion. Neither would we have the most effective societies on earth for the protection and preservation of wild flowers nor the fine flower shows given in every State and the strong organizations back of them. Locally the love of flowers by the many is unquestioned. Public and private grounds and flower shows in Los Angeles, Pasadena and scores of lesser places all go to refute the charge that we do not love flowers.

Much of the argument produced to prove to us that we are not a flower-loving people is based on European gardens and observations. Especially are England and the English cited because there all love and cultivate flowers. It has become a well-known and clearly recognized national trait of character. And there are no perceptible exceptions. But the English, though originally a composite people, are now a solidified people of well-defined national characteristics. We have no such status as yet. The influx of the English alone would prevent this. All of them that can get away come to us and of late a majority find their way to the Pacific Coast.

When we have assimilated all these and the countless hordes from other countries perhaps we shall steady down to the acquisition of national traits of character. At present America, the greatest melting pot the world ever saw, is boiling at a seething pitch. What we shall make of the mass ultimately remains to be seen, but so far every successive generation born in this country is an improvement on the one that went before. And, incidentally, but right to the question under consideration, is the fact that in the older and more settled parts of our country the deepest love and appreciation of flowers are shown. The exception, that proves the rule is Southern California. But here all nature has so conspired to aid us that the force is irresistible. Therefore we live amidst a profusion of blossoms, and we love 'em, too.

The Active Garden Season.

Now comes the time of all times for work in the garden, for in the past we have had too much cold weather for plant growth. The last month in 1916 and the first few days in 1917 gave us more frosty nights than the writer has ever experienced in the corresponding weeks since coming to Los Angeles twenty-nine years ago. Frosts have in other years been more severe but fewer in number and not so continuous with at least short respites. All vegetation was peculiarly stagnated the full month of December and New Year's Day saw the greatest scarcity of garden bloom, except in favored localities, that we have experienced for many years. This, following a cool summer and autumn, has held all vegetable development back so heavily that everything in the flower line is late. So only now has the winter gardening season arrived.

Cheap Flower Gardens.

Herewith follows a list of sixteen hardy annuals that cost no more than ten cents per packet and that will give an abundance of varied flower crops if sown now. A half dozen are native species.

Godeas, new hybrids of several colors; cornflowers, new double blue; scarlet flax; larkspur, tall stock-flowered mixture; tulip poppy, red; Shirley poppies, mixed; African orange daisies, hybrids from cream to orange in color; Nigella, Miss Jekyll; calliopsis, golden wave; blazing star, yellow; Coreopsis Stelliflora, yellow mountain daisy; Linanthus densiflorus, California phlox; calendula, Prince of Orange; candytuft, dwarf hybrids; Clarkia, either mixed sorts or Clarkia elegans; and last, but not least, the ever-glorious California poppy ranging

in hue from nearly white to orange, to magenta, and to bronze-red.

Massing Palms.

Nearly all palms grow naturally in clumps and masses, as do nearly all other plants and trees. They do not grow singly and in pairs, as we are wont to plant them. All would look much better planted thickly, yet not too thick. Though stately in form and lending themselves admirably to architectural effects, they still appear at their best only when planted in numbers, in a purely informal disposition. The individual should be lost sight of and regarded as only so much material with which to build the picture—merely a brick in the wall.

Perfumery Gardening.

California should properly be a great perfumery-producing State for the reason that the principal bases of so many perfumes are oils from citrus fruits and all of them possess value. Either fruit rinds, leaves or flowers, or all of these from every sort of citrus tree or plant are available for perfumery purposes. In addition, every important perfumery plant known is now grown in Southern California as an ornamental. There are some natural deterrents to the growth of all, for our sun is too hot and desiccative for a few plants, and fogs in some parts are too prevalent for others. But as a rule we can qualify on the whole list as well as any section in the world. It is a matter that has not yet been given more than the crudest of experiments in a few lines by those not in a position to exploit the business on a commercial scale.

Variegated Japan Ivy.

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SOME REMINISCENCES OF A HOMESTEADER.

—The Illustrated Weekly Magazine—

JULY 14, 1894.

NEW LANGUAGE LEARNED BY GUARDSMEN.

Somewhat Shocking Vocabulary. By Vincent Sexton.

PARENTS, wives and sweethearts of the California National Guardsmen who recently returned to Los Angeles from the Mexican border, are just recovering from the shock they received when they first heard the returned guardsmen employ in ordinary conversation some of the choice bits of army slang picked up in the border campa.

If their border service has done nothing else for the California guardsmen it has unquestionably enriched their vocabularies. The boys are home again with a command of the English (?) language as startling as it is picturesque.

"Mother, please pass me the blood," said one Los Angeles youth as he began his

who sets before her hero a steaming bowl of beef or lamb stew these days. She is certain to have her sensibilities shocked by the guardsman's reference to the "slum" she has set before him. Any kind of stew is "slum" to the California National Guardsmen back from the border. Not that they dislike the dish—quite the contrary. "Slum" or "mulligan" was always a welcome dish on the camp bill of fare.

The wise housewife will place the ban on canned corn beef for some time to come, however. "Canned Willie" or "Old Bill" as canned corned beef was intimately known to the soldiers, holds no charms for militiamen who participated in practice "hikes" on the border. "Canned Willie" and Canned

all up and down the company streets. It might be remarked in passing, however, that there was an "Alexandria Hotel" and an "Angelus Hotel" in the infantry camp. Each "hotel" housed six Los Angeles guardsmen. "Ciudad," which in Spanish means "city," was sometimes used in speaking of the town of Nogales.

The point of vantage on the hills north of Nogales where the cavalry was encamped was invariably referred to by the California boys as "Mount Calvary." But for that matter all cavalry is "calvary" to the enlisted men of the army. By the same token one does not arise in the morning at reveille. It is "revelry" in the glossary of the militiamen.

Soup, in the vernacular of the guardsman, is "slops." If thick enough to come under the general classification of stew, it would receive the more dignified appellation of "slum."

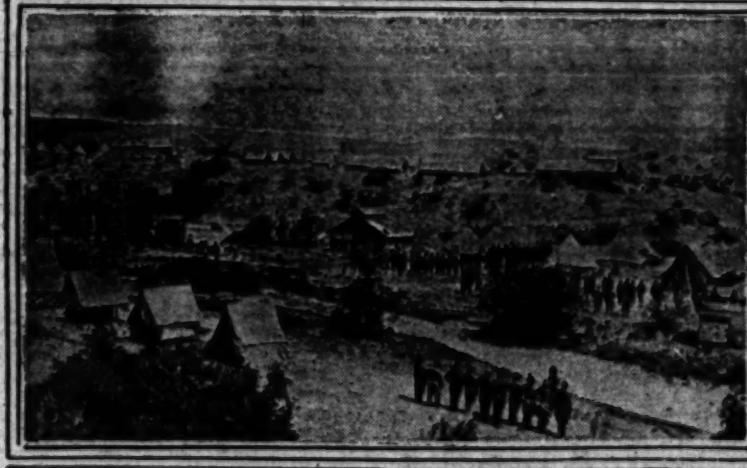
Bread is known as "punk" to the returned guardsman and bacon travels under the alias of "salt horse." Potatoes are "Murphys" or "spuds" and beans are "bullets" or "berries." Beef is known to many of the guardsmen as "toros," plural of the Spanish for bull. If the beef happens to be in the form of steak it is expressively referred to as "shoe leather." Lettuce, cabbage or other



At "Chow"



Border guard



Camp at Nogales



California guardsmen on maneuvers

assault on the first home-cooked meal he had eaten in six months. The astonished parent's eyes opened wide with surprise at her khaki-clad son's singular request, and for a moment she thought the privations of camp life had gone to his head.

Noting the look of doubt and anxiety upon his mother's countenance, the guardsman guessed the cause and hastened to relieve her. "It's the catsup I mean, Mother. Don't you understand—the catsup—or in camp lingo, 'the blood'?" Her mind eased by the explanation, the mother hastened to pass the catsup bottle.

The guardsmen who have seen service on the border never think of speaking of their meals in terms of breakfast, dinner and supper any more. When they wish to announce the fact that dinner is ready they revert to the camp vernacular and tell you to, "Come and get it!" To a returned guardsman the announcement to "come and get it" is as intelligible as is the Pullman porter's announcement to the passengers of the Golden State Limited that "dinner is now being served in the dining car."

The food which is served at mealtime is known to the youth who has just returned from the border as "chow." The term stands at the head of the long list of newly acquired colloquialisms brought home from the border by the guardsman.

Woe to the fond parent or doting wife homes. It was "casa this" and "casa that"

"Willie Hash" formed the chief articles of diet whenever the men were sent out on practice marches and forced to live on the so-called "field" rations. Canned corn beef and canned corn beef hash are all right in their way, the Los Angeles militiamen will tell you, but when they are served to a man for more than two or three days a-running, they lose their charm.

The truly remarkable vocabulary ac-

quired by the National Guardsman during his sojourn on the border is composed in part of the regular army slang, much of which was familiar to the men who served in Uncle Sam's army as far back as Spanish-American war time.

Many of the words brought home by the California boys were picked up from the native Mexican population. Of Spanish derivation, many of them were used by the volunteers in the encampments at Knoxville and Meade in 1898.

The Spanish "muchas gracias" for "many thanks" was quickly appropriated by the militiamen, and "mucho 'way-ne,'" as the guardsmen pronounced it, was used more frequently than the home town, "very good."

"Adios" for "good-by," and the Spanish saluta-

tions for "good morning," and "good even-

ing" were highly favored by the militiamen.

The word "casa," Spanish for house, was taken over by the guardsmen and used with reckless abandon in naming their tent

home. It was "casa this" and "casa that"

Dietitians at Washington who have figured out the nutritious values of various foodstuffs for the purpose of giving the soldiers the best possible food at the lowest cost per man, place great store by coffee as a stimulating drink. The amount of coffee which is daily consumed by a soldier would cause the advertising writer for substitutes for this beverage to turn up his heels in holy horror and straightway pass in his checks. "Blackleg" is the term used by the guardsman when he speaks in awed whispers of the powerful black coffee he drank on the border.

Soldiers have composed a little ditty, not just what one would call strictly grammatical in its structure, but at the same time indicative of the enlisted man's tendency to poke fun at his rations. This complaint is not made in earnest, for on a whole the men have no cause for complaint, either about the quantity or the quality of the food served them—when in camp. The ditty is sung to the tune of the bugler's mess call. It goes something like this:

"Soupy, soupy, soupy.
Without a single bean.
Porky, porky, porky,
Without a bit of lean.
Coffee, coffee, coffee,
The worst you ever seen."

greens served in the army messhalls came under the general classification of "grass."

Guardsmen have adopted their own set of titles for use in referring to their officers. The First Sergeant in command of an outfit is known as "the top;" the Mess Sergeant is known as "the mess;" and the Quartermaster Sergeant is known as the "Q.M." A sergeant is affectionately known as "Sarge."

The captain of a company is known as "the skipper" and the major or other commanding officer is referred to as "the old man." The general in command is "the big chief." Lieutenants fresh from West Point are known to the National Guardsmen as "shavetails," due to the fact that the tails of their coats have just been shaved off, i.e.: they have exchanged their long cadet coats for the short-tailed service blouses.

For some unexplained reason infantrymen are known as "doughboys." The titles of "pill rollers" for the members of the hospital corps and of "road builders" for the engineer corps, need no explanation.

So accustomed have the California guardsmen become to using the border slang in their everyday talk that it will be a long time before their friends and relatives cease being alternately shocked and amused at what must seem at first a most astounding version of the English language "as she is spoken."

CALIFORNIA, LAND OF FRUITS AND FLOWERS

ORCHARD AND FARM, RANCHO AND RANGE

Phosphorus as Plant Food. By Thomas C. Wallace.

AMONG the minerals that enter into and are assimilated by plants phosphates are of primary importance, as they enter into the first formation of the living matter in the plant and are ever after active, appearing to have an important action at every stage of growth and metabolic action. In speaking of the chemical elements of protoplasm in these papers phosphorus was given among them. The compound of phosphorus and oxygen, in which approximately 56 per cent. of oxygen and 44 per cent. of phosphorus come together, is known as phosphoric acid, an expression quite familiar to users and handiers of fertilizers. While the lime which forms the base for phosphates is not, as far as we know, necessary to the first process of plant life the phosphoric acid is, and hence we go a step further and look upon phosphoric acid as an absolutely first constituent of plant life as we know it. All fruitful seeds, fruit buds and embryo conditions contain or are surrounded with an abundance of phosphoric acid, and seeds showing a low condition of nitrate feeding of plants will fall far short of nature's intention if phosphoric acid is not freely obtainable by the cell during all stages of life action. For this reason it is not difficult to understand that during the early active growing seasons plants store up great supplies of phosphates, if available, to be recovered from their cellular store rooms and carried into fruit and seed production, or into the buds which are primarily the means nature provides for reproduction.

Forms and Solubility of Phosphates.

The condition of solubility in which plants use phosphorus is in combination with oxygen as phosphoric acid compounded with some of the bases, as phosphate of lime, soda, potash, magnesia, etc. There are several forms of phosphates so insoluble that they cannot be taken up into the plant until they are reduced by being depleted of a portion of the base of lime, etc., which holds them insoluble to water, for instance, tribasic phosphate, which is the condition of ordinary bone phosphate, has three parts of lime base; by strong acids, as for instance sulphuric acid, which has a greater affinity for mineral bases than phosphoric acid. A portion of the lime (say one-third,) is taken from the phosphate and combined with the sulphuric acid, forming a sulphate of lime leaving but two-thirds the lime base with the phosphoric acid, which is then a di-basic phosphate. In this condition it is not yet soluble in ordinary water but is more easily soluble in water containing weak acids, because the amount of lime remaining in the phosphate is not sufficient to neutralize or nullify the action of the weaker acids. In this condition, also, the roots of plants can attack the phosphate and render it so soluble that it can enter the plant with water and be digested. While thus pure bone phosphate or tribasic phosphate is insoluble and cannot as such be taken up by most farm plants, the secondary condition of it, called di-basic, can be utilized by being dissolved either by the acids in the soil arising from the decomposition of organic matter or from the excretions of plant roots. When two parts of the lime of the bone phosphate are taken from it and combined with other acids the remaining phosphate is called mono-basic or one-lime phosphate. In this condition it is readily dissolved by water in small supply and is then easily absorbed by the plants. In the general reference to phosphates as plant food the soluble condition last referred to must be understood and kept in mind, as, no matter in what condition it is supplied to the soil in the fertilizer, it must reach a soluble condition before it can enter into the plant life. To get our first of leading insight for a study of the function of phosphates in plant nutrition, the primary and

ultimate actions of it in plant production must be considered.

The Course of Phosphoric Acid in Plants.

When an annual plant is young, or a perennial plant is in early seasonal growth, the phosphoric acid absorbed is pretty equally distributed throughout the stem and leaves, but gradually 50 per cent. of it is concentrated near the parts where the habit of the plant is to form its fruit or seed. When the first development of flowering bud is in evidence more than 75 per cent. of the phosphoric acid in the plant is found to have migrated to the reproductive parts, and the leaves and stem distant from these parts have lost over 50 per cent. of their phosphoric acid storage, the balance in the leaf having of course come from further absorption from the soil.

This concentration perceptibly increases and is the more noticeable because the plants do not seem to feed from phosphorus so rapidly after the flowering stage, or more correctly perhaps, during the heated term of the season. The partial discontinuance or slowing up of phosphate feeding is never resumed in an annual plant, but in the perennial plant it is active at every new growing period. Finally, the phosphoric acid taken up by the plant enters the seed, fruit and bud to the enormous extent of nearly 90 per cent. of the total, in some plants—notably wheat—leaving approximately 10 or 12 per cent. in the stems, wood and leaves.

Phosphoric Acid and Proteids.

Phosphoric acid is an important ingredient in the formation of proteids, which, as we have seen, are primarily nitrogenous products, but small amounts of phosphorus and sulphur are necessary to the changes which effect the evolution from carbohydrates to proteids. As the process is simultaneous and practically continuous throughout the active life of the plant, phosphates must pervade the whole area of the plant at some time. It is not necessary that they should enter into the plant simultaneously with nitrates, and the fact that these two substances do not chemically combine and act upon each other as such is presumptive evidence of this. One branch of the protein formation, the albumenoids, will not diffuse through vegetable cell walls and must be changed to more diffusible form. Phosphoric acid is a compound such as phosphate of potash affects this change, and after the protein thus changed has been translocated in the plant it is again made insoluble by the withdrawal of the phosphorus. Therefore, without the presence of phosphoric acid in the plant, there must be a clogging of the nitrogenous productions, though these same proteids have no need of phosphoric acid for their continued existence.

Phosphoric Acid and Ripening.

In viewing this phase of the question it is perhaps well to define the meaning of "mature" and "ripe." In taking the liberty of distinguishing between these two expressions I ask my readers to keep in mind the definitions here placed upon them.

Mature—Brought by natural processes to completeness of growth and development.

Ripe—The result of maturing.

Maturity carries with it the contemplation of the successive stages through which the matured object has passed. Ripeness directs our attention to its state or condition. We observe that crops are frequently ripe though they have not matured, and we say they have ripened prematurely. In other words they have taken on a false finish and are not complete. Such produce is defective in many ways. It may be poor in protein, light in weight, deficient in oils, weak in texture, undersized or badly proportioned in parts. It too often bears out the axiom "early ripe, early rotten." The matured crops have all their parts fully developed and finished so that they are fully able to resist change of temperature within limits of their endurance, decay, the diseases and even abuse. It is often said that phosphoric acid hastens maturity and early ripening, but there seems to be no demonstration to sustain this, and the mere

fact that phosphoric acid migrates so surely, lacks power to produce good leaves. Wheat and profusely to the reproducing organs blended with a moderate percentage of phosphorus and is found in the ripened product is not Australian wheat flour good leaves are reliable ground for such a conclusion. The evidence of research points to a more likely

conclusion, in that it shows that with a dearth of phosphorus in the presence of excessive nitrogen feeding the ripening is not hastened, because the profuse formation of proteids, and therefore fruit growth, calls for the largest possible supply of phosphoric acid to carry on the leading up to full maturity, and to fortify the reproducing cell to fill nature's bounteous hand. The result of nitrogenous feeding has been to form the nucleus of full crops of rich material which hungers for phosphoric acid to make its cells possible of the highest fertility. Thus while a want of phosphoric acid might cause nature to delay ripening under such circumstances, an excess of phosphoric acid without nitrogen would not hasten maturity nor of itself induce ripening. Phosphoric acid may fairly be considered in fertilizers as a guide for nitrogen, directing the formation and translocation of proteids, which seems to be a crucial point in the production of valuable crops. Phosphoric acid is also in some way concerned in the production and diffusion within the plant of the essential oils.

FIELD NOTES.

Relying to a special inquiry, it is found that practically 72 per cent. of the hogs slaughtered on farms are slaughtered as of 19.5 per cent. in November, 32.1 per cent. in December, and 20.3 per cent. in January.

Under the present rules of the Bureau of Standards lime for interstate handling must be packed in standard large barrels of 250 pounds net, small barrels of 130 pounds net or a fractional part of the small barrel. This rule comes into operation January 1, 1917.

In Oregon they have found that sixteen head of sheep, half of which are mature full grown, can be successfully carried on three acres of clover in bearing orchards.

From observation of hens kept in pens or allowed to run in green-growing yard, it is found that while there is a decided advantage to be had by allowing them to run on the green feed, there seems to be a period from about January to April when the egg yield is not increased by it, and in fact no decided advantage seems to accrue.

It has been shown that housing of dairy cattle in winter as against open shed is not advantageous. The result of a three-year test gave a record in milk of 35,723.8 pounds for the open shed lot, and 35,322.3 pounds for the inside housed lot. During sudden drops in temperature there was a decrease in the yield of both lots, slightly greater in the outside lot. More bedding is necessary for the open shed, but it is less labor to keep clean.

Fall-sown wheat has been shown to outyield spring-sown and is less subject to rust. Experiments in Arizona showed California Club as the largest yielder among thirteen varieties of spring wheat, followed by Chul and Early Baart thirty-six bushels and Bluestone thirty-five and three-tenths bushels per acre. In the fall-sown wheat of fifteen varieties seeded in the latter part of October, Red Chaff produced fifty-five bushels followed by Bluestone fifty-five and nine-tenths bushels, Turkey Red fifty-one bushels and Kofuld fifty bushels per acre.

Dynamiting soils has not proven of sufficient advantage to get a recommendation. It is, however, sometimes necessary in orchard setting in arid soils.

In a test of twenty-five varieties of corn Sacaton Mexican June led with ninety bushels per acre. Mexican White Flint and White Dent each yielded eighty-five bushels, but sometimes fell as low as ten bushels.

The Australians have been testing North and South American grown wheat, and they conclude that as compared with Australian that phosphoric acid hastens maturity and early ripening, but there seems to be no grain the flour is lacking in bloom, and the dough requires longer time to prove and colored fruit.

Potato plants sometimes form tubers above ground. This is due to the excessive storing of starch resulting from producing starch faster than it can be removed to its more usual situation in the underground potatoes.

In England they have discovered daffodil poisoning from eating the bulbs of the common daffodils used by mistake for onions in the preparation of stews. Severe gastro-intestinal disturbances were experienced, but no deaths resulted.

Spring cover crops look like the coming plan for orchard mulching. Spring vetch seed costs much less than the winter hairy vetch and is more easily obtained.

The Postmaster-General has the use of an appropriation of \$10,000 to conduct experiments for the purpose of determining the most practical means of extending the parcel post in promoting marketing of products, and fostering direct transactions between producers and consumers.

If you contemplate sowing rice plow deep and aerate well for as long as practicable before laying down to seed. This prepares the soil for the strenuous process that rice growing submits it to.

It is not often that we have to go slow with green manure applications. It has been noted that clover seed often fails on what we consider rich nitrogen soil, and in a general way the answer has been that as clover can obtain all the nitrogen it needs from the atmospheric air, and is really a nitrogen producer, it was out of place when seeded to follow itself or its family. Studies have now been made to get data on this question, with the result that it has been shown that freshly turned under green manures of the clover type act injuriously on seed rich in oil, through the development of a soil fungus which grows through the incorporation of the organic matter.

It is reported that 7.4 per cent. of the total cotton crop is of the long staple variety which usually amounts to \$25,000 bales; Arizona produced 90 per cent. long staple; Mississippi 23 per cent.; Missouri 20 per cent.; California 20 per cent.; Arkansas 14.4 per cent.; and Oklahoma 13.5 per cent.

In an article on unprofitable acres J. Q. McDowell sums up: "To meet the growing demand for farm produce we must farm more acres or make each acre produce more." He figures among the unprofitable acres those that may be too small to give the farmer profitable employment, or too large for him to cultivate to the best advantage. To this is added the land held out of cultivation for speculation, and the prohibitive cost or lack of capital to property clear and drain land. This is in keeping with the conclusions brought out by previous studies of the Department of Agriculture, which show that "a vast number of American farmers are making their homes on impoverished land and are practically without working capital. The outstanding factor in profitable farming in such cases consists of a study of what to do with what they already have. The factors of profit must be toned down to terms of expediency under existing circumstances."

Up in the Utah Mountains some very clever points in irrigation are developed. One with this special notice is in the irrigation of deciduous fruit trees. In this case they had a deep, gravelly soil to deal with and they found that by frequent irrigations, applied about once a week, they produced more twig growth in peach trees with thirty-one acres inches than with sixty-two inches. As regards crops, the frequent application of water produced the most fruit, and no amount of water applied early in the season will compensate for lack of water during the month before harvest. High color of fruit was associated with late watering and insufficient irrigation produced poor

NEW LANGUAGE LEARNED BY GUARDSMEN.

[Sunday]

—The Illustrated Weekly Magazine—

SOME REMINISCENCES OF A HOMESTEADER.

His Trials and Successes. By Arthur Preston Hankins.

THIS story is written on the 1st of January, 1917. A year ago today I wrote for the Times Illustrated Weekly an article entitled, "Homesteading in the Mountains." I recall ending that article in some such manner as the following:

"So far, I have raised nothing on my homestead but a crop of whiskers—the pride of my life. But next year—wait!"

It will readily be seen that I purposely left open an avenue for a sequel. I meant to put a year's serious effort on my claim in the mountains, and then tell the readers of this magazine of the wonders my wife and I had accomplished with such a vexatious beginning.

That beginning will be remembered by those who read my little story of a year ago—our long horseback trip into the cold snows of the Baldwin Lake country, in the San Bernardino Mountains; pack-bags empty of grub; no feed for our saddle ponies and the pack burro; five months on the desert waiting for the snows to melt in the mountains; the trip back at last, with a cheerful (?) May snowstorm to greet us; two weeks living in a hastily thrown up lean-to, shivering with cold, snowed in, and with the writer suffering from the worst toothache a tooth ever developed.

We had thought our troubles over when at last the sun came out and we were able to build our cabin. But they had only just begun.

We were packing our water for drinking and cooking purposes in coal oil cans from the lake, nearly half a mile away. Obviously, then, one of the first tasks confronting us was the sinking of a well. We borrowed an eight-inch hand borer from a neighbor and set to work.

That borer was all right till it struck a small stone. Any stone from the size of a walnut to that of a genteel flapjack would stop it dead. Then we would twist and perspire, and my wife would say, "Well, I never!" What I said doesn't matter. From somewhere down in the bowels of the earth there would come a protesting groan and the thing would refuse to move. For days it would hang on a little stone no bigger than your fist, till our twisting and churning would annihilate the boulder by the process of erosion.

Well, we attained a depth of thirty-eight feet in about twice thirty-eight days. In the meantime my father and mother had come up into the mountains to visit us. Dad took one twist on the well borer when it was acting up—the difficulty was to make it act down—and said his nervous system was too complicated for the work.

Dad said we'd never strike water anyway. So said all the old-timers in the mountains.

"Well," I replied, "the fact remains that there never has been a well dug on this identical spot. So how do you know we'll not strike water?"

We struck it at thirty-four feet. Have you ever experienced the supreme pleasure of saying, "I told you so!" The upper lip should be curled up slightly and the eyebrows should be a trifle elevated. A little shrug is also said to be most effective.

By this time we had progressed to the dignity of a hired man. He was only a boy, but a pretty manly boy—so "hired man" goes. He had helped me during the last stages on the well boring, so my wife found time to wash up the accumulated dishes.

But now he and I struck a rock which refused to be eroded. We worked at it for about a week, then gave it up. We had no well casing, so we're afraid to use dynamite lest the earth cave and swallow our efforts.

"Well," I said, "we've struck water. We know our future efforts will not be in vain. We'll wipe the slate, return the borer with thanks, and dig a well five feet in diameter, on this very spot, with pick and shovel."

So we rigged a windlass and sunk to a depth of forty-five feet, obtaining about ten feet of water.

It was a distinct triumph. Our well was the only one in the neighborhood. We could imagine the neighbors pointing out our place to visiting relatives, and remarking: "The Hankinses live there. Our leading citizens. They have a well." It was hard not to be uppish over the thing. My wife simply couldn't refrain from bringing that well into her conversation with her carrying those stores into the cabin. The

canned goods were not damaged, but the eggs were buried and were not rescued until two weeks later. Meantime the rain came down in sheets. The ground was frozen solid and the water ran off in rivers to the lake.

But our herculean achievement had demanded its price. It had required all summer to dig that well. Now fall was near at hand, and practically no land had been cleared for seeding.

After a conference we decided that to clear and seed that fall was out of the question. So we contented ourselves with building a road and stringing fences. We

would be obliged to buy hay, anyway, for the winter; and next spring there would be plenty of pasture down by the lake, now that we had fenced a portion of the lake front against roaming cattle.

We bought an old stable at Dobie, the deserted mining camp about two miles from our land, wrecked it, hauled it to the homestead and erected it again—a better stable than before. We bought \$95 worth of hay for the winter. Our stable was not large enough to house this, so we stacked it close at hand and fondly imagined it would shed water. I have discovered that there are people in this world who know more than I do about toppling off a haystack so that it will shed water—which is at least a feeble step toward knowledge.

We had hauled in our winter wood, and there was little more than the hired man could do. So he betook himself to his home in Los Angeles and left us to our fate. Our winter's supply of grub we had freighted into the mountains—had seventy-two pounds of butter put down in brine in a fifteen-gallon stone jar, had two cases of eggs greased to preserve them, and hams and bacon hung in alluring array in the cave I had dug.

That cave, by the way, was almost as great an institution as the well. I had dug it just after finishing the cabin early in the spring. It was four feet deep, covered with slabs and old corrugated iron, with a peaked roof high enough to allow one to stand upright. The ridgepole was a green cedar tree felled by yours truly in the primeval forest. My wife and I had carried that thing 1000 miles, over 60 hills and through 1000 canyons. Yes, the cave was an institution—but great was the fall thereof.

Now came winter. There was some snow to begin with, but it does not play an important part in this chronicle. What I want to ask is, Do you remember that rain last winter? I never shall forget it. I had labored under the delusion that it always snowed in the mountains.

Well, it rained for thirty-six straight hours. It came slantwise from the south and stabbed straight to the middle of that \$95 stack of hay. Then the wind changed and it came from the north—and stabbed straight to the center and got the remaining \$47.50 worth of that \$95 stack of hay.

But it didn't change to the north until it had finished with that famous cave. Along in the damp early hours of the second morning of the deluge my wife rose from bed and ducked into the cave for eggs for our breakfast.

"Hankie," she said as she hurried back into the cabin, "the cave is leaking. One wall of it is all wet."

"Let her leak!" I retorted and went to sleep again.

But I dreamed about the matter and finally arose and went down to have a look.

I arrived just in time to see the south wall begin crumbling and a deluge of foamy mud come oozing down inside. I ran on deck and found a two-by four. Back inside, I thrust the timber under one of the slabs of the roof which was slowly sagging down and cracking warningly as it came.

"Just in time! One second later and someone, I think I know right well, would have been buried alive under several tons of various things. But the single two-by-four held the entire roof until I could rush out into the storm for more supports. But I couldn't keep the dirt wall in place. It slipped down and covered the floor of the cave, and half of our groceries, under two feet of mud and slush."

Breakfastless I set to work in hip boots and carried those stores into the cabin. The

and besides, the land's too moist down there to hold up a team. And I'll be dog-gone if I swing a mattock any more this year. I've got to be writing some yarns to make sure of next winter's grub."

"But look here," she pointed out; "the sage bushes down there are three or four feet apart. Why not just plant teeny little patches here and there between the bushes?"

Resourcefulness, thy name is Woman! Women are said to be more primitive than men. I believe this to be true. The man of today demands complete equipment in order to accomplish his tasks. If he is obliged to make a loose chair rung stay in place, he requires a complete set of tools from a broadax to a turning lathe.

This primitive instinct in woman, on the other hand, causes her to utilize whatever tool is near. She'll jerk off her right shoe and taking it by the toe, hammer that chair rung in place with the high French heel while the man is looking up "carpenters' tools" in the index of the mail-order catalogue. "Now, what'll we do for a door-knob?" I'll say, scratching my head in the midst of some structural job. And the wife will come back: "Saw a big spool in two in the middle and you've got two door-knobs, Hankie." We have a cupboard nailed up so confounded high on the wall that no one can reach the catch at the top of the door. While I'm pulling my hair and wondering where the infernal ladder is, my wife will calmly hook the handle of the pancake turner over that catch, pull down, and with an "open sesame," obtain the longed-for result.

When bright weather came at last we spread out the haystack to dry. We saved probably a fourth of the entire amount, and straightway put the stock on short rations. Obtaining more hay that winter was out of the question, but in some mysterious way we pulled through till the roads were open.

The lake had risen six feet from that single rainstorm, and the water was still pouring into it from the swollen streams racing down from the higher canyons. Our pasture land was completely covered. We would be obliged to buy hay all next summer.

Now I had twelve acres cleared and plowed. I seeded eight acres to oats, two to Grimm alfalfa and put in an experimental plot of two acres where I seeded kaoliang, Sudan grass, several varieties of dryland alfalfa and sweet clover. I also set out a number of currant and gooseberry bushes, hazelnuts and Delaware grapes.

The oats and alfalfa came up on the jump. It began to look as if we would have our own hay the following winter. But cold winds developed just at the critical stage. They swept over the fields day after day, chilling the young plants or covering them with sand. One by one my hazelnut bushes succumbed. Every grape-vine died. Half the gooseberry bushes withered and grew dry and hard. The currants alone lived through the siege, and one of them bore five berries. A bird whose name I neglected to get relieved me of the labor of harvesting this crop. I suspect Mr. California Linnet, but my evidence is incomplete.

There was ample moisture to bring our forage crops to maturity. But the cold winds stunted the early growth of the plants and dried the soil near the surface. Consequently the root system did not develop and the roots were not thrifty enough to go down to where moisture remained. Down by the lake, where the land did not dry out so rapidly, I had a good crop of oats; but at that I think the seed was of poor stock, because, while each plant was vigorous, the stand was thin.

For the champion fighter of the plant world, give me alfalfa. Those tiny plants would thrust their heads through the surface only to be covered with the sifting sands. A few days and they would be up again, but once more the sand would cover them or cut them off entirely. And this continued through May and June. Perhaps half of the two acres seeded to alfalfa will make a stand, the rest is covered with dwarfed and stunted plants, which I think, will not be able to live through the winter.

But we had a garden! An Indian garden, the neighbors called it, but it delivered green goods on which no government official would frown.

We had given up hopes of a garden. We had spent all our money—improbable as this may sound—on clearing for the bigger crops. And how could we have a garden anyway without irrigation?

"Hankie," said the wife one day in June, "it's always moist down on the lakeshore. Why not sow our vegetable seed down there?"

"It's covered with sage," I objected. "We can't afford to have any more cleared;

and besides, the land's too moist down there to hold up a team. And I'll be dog-gone if I swing a mattock any more this year. I've got to be writing some yarns to make sure of next winter's grub."

"But look here," she pointed out; "the sage bushes down there are three or four feet apart. Why not just plant teeny little patches here and there between the bushes?"

Resourcefulness, thy name is Woman! Women are said to be more primitive than men. I believe this to be true. The man of today demands complete equipment in order to accomplish his tasks. If he is obliged to make a loose chair rung stay in place, he requires a complete set of tools from a broadax to a turning lathe.

This primitive instinct in woman, on the other hand, causes her to utilize whatever tool is near. She'll jerk off her right shoe and taking it by the toe, hammer that chair rung in place with the high French heel while the man is looking up "carpenters' tools" in the index of the mail-order catalogue. "Now, what'll we do for a door-knob?" I'll say, scratching my head in the midst of some structural job. And the wife will come back: "Saw a big spool in two in the middle and you've got two door-knobs, Hankie." We have a cupboard nailed up so confounded high on the wall that no one can reach the catch at the top of the door. While I'm pulling my hair and wondering where the infernal ladder is, my wife will calmly hook the handle of the pancake turner over that catch, pull down,

and with an "open sesame," obtain the longed-for result.

All this applies to that garden. We went down and planted radishes, turnips, beets, corn, potatoes, onions—the regulation cult—between the sage bushes. We

had dozens and dozens of little patches covering nearly an acre of ground. Some

were not bigger than a washtub. Turnips, beets, ten turnips, a half-dozen hills of

potatoes, a two-foot string of lettuce or

radishes or onions—that's the way we did it. I expect to find miniature garden beds heretofore undiscovered for the next ten years down there by the lake in the shoulder-high sage. And the bushes protected the green things from the cold wind. The moisture remained ample throughout the summer. And we ate vegetables grown on our own land.

Then came harvest time. The stage setting was all that could be desired. The harvest moon was on the job, big-faced and expectant. The reapers foregathered. The sickles were whetted. My wife and I stopped humming everything but "Bringing in the Sheaves."

But something was wrong. For some time I had suspected it. There was too much ground visible between those slender stocks of oats. My neighbor, who, among other things, knows more about ranching than I do, solemnly shook his head.

"You can cut it," he said, "but can you find it afterward?"

We cut it. Funny where it all went to. It seemed to just fall before the sickle and melt into the ground. We tried to rake it, but there were more rake teeth than stalks of hay. We tried to fork it in cocks, but we averaged about one cock the size of a moving-picture cowboy's hat every 150 yards.

"Pull it out by the roots," advised an old cattlemen. "Hay's hay up here."

So we sent the mower away and began pulling it by the roots.

But this was too primitive even for the wife. We pulled for an hour or more, then sat down on the ground and looked at our sheaves. Then we looked off over the lake.

The harvest was over.

I bought hay again to feed the stock this winter.

Meantime, however, I had been working for a postoffice.

It had always seemed to me that the one great aim of a writer should be to be appointed postmaster. Think of handling the incoming mail yourself—so no one can see how many manuscripts a fellow gets back. A postman has always been the one person I dare not look straight in the eye.

I told my troubles to Washington in the month of April. Washington sent me a petition to be signed by the people who wanted the office. There are about twenty-four families in our neighborhood now, and

(CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-ONE)

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THE PROFESSION THAT SPELLS ROMANCE.

Jan. 20, 1917.]

[Illustrated Weekly]

JUNIPERO SERRA HAS MANY MEMORIALS.

Not to be Forgotten. By Allen Henry Wright.

IT IS safe to say that no other character in history has been the subject of so many memorials within the bounds of a single State as has Padre Junipero Serra, the intrepid founder of the long chain of Franciscan missions along the coast of California.

The exposition city of San Diego, where, in 1769, was established the Mission of San Diego de Alcalá, thereby making a start to the settlement and wonderful growth of the present State of California, has no less than three memorials to Padre Serra.

Within the grounds of the Panama-California International Exposition thousands of visitors have looked upon the memorial

were familiar. Only recently a bronze tablet, set in granite, was dedicated to Padre Serra's memory on one of the beautiful lawns at the exposition.

"Then, out on Presidio Hill, in Old Town, as that section of San Diego where the first mission was set up is now known, there is now to be seen a great cross, known as the Serra Cross, which was built several years ago from the very bricks which the Franciscans had made and used and which had been buried in the soil of the hill top since the time the first location was abandoned for one further up the San Diego River Valley, where one now sees the ruins of the later San Diego mission. An organization which

here again are found lasting memorials to Padre Serra.

Near the entrance to the government military reservation is a large stone monument bearing upon its face a cross and a representation of the old mission at Monterey. Further up the slope, toward the Presidio grounds, one comes to a more pretentious memorial, showing Padre Serra as he is leaving a small boat, preparatory to beginning his ministry among the aborigines. Tablets tell the following:

"Here, June 4, 1770, landed Very Rev. Father Junipero Serra, O.S.F., and founded the following missions: San Diego, July 16, 1769; San Carlos, Monterey, June 3,

scenes of the labors of this pioneer of the church on the Pacific Coast.

Beneath the altar of the famous old mission of Carmel, a few miles out from the city of Monterey, is where Padre Serra was laid to rest when his work was finished, and the student of the Pacific Coast history finds much of interest in visiting the scenes associated with the close of that career, but this article is to deal only with the Serra memorials. Returning to Monterey, after the interesting drive, one visits the Monterey Mission church, and there, in the yard, finds the stump of a tree upon which is a tablet stating that under the oak the padre con-



Junipero Serra statue at Monterey, Calif.

Cross to memory of Father Serra, Monterey.



Gable and stone stair-case, Carmel Mission. At San Diego Exposition.

Monument in Golden Gate Park.



Bronze memorial at San Diego Exposition.

At Miramar.

Serra cross at San Diego.

tablet which was set up on the west facade of one of the most prominent buildings. Beneath the bust, set in a niche, the whole being in bas relief style, appears the following inscription:

To the Memory of
FRAY JUNIPERO SERRA
and
To his fellow pioneers whose
Saintly devotion and dauntless
Courage established Christianity
and Civilization in Alta California.
1769-1915."

On other buildings, too, will be found numerous designs which commemorate the work of the Franciscan fathers, and many of the buildings themselves were copied after styles of architecture with which they

was formed in San Diego for the purpose of exploiting the exposition and, at the same time, keeping alive the interest in the historical, has this unique service to its credit. At the Serra Cross services are held annually in honor of the Franciscan leader.

Out at Miramar, the country home of E. W. Scripps, the well-known newspaper publisher, is another Serra memorial, showing a heroic figure in the Franciscan garb, done in bronze and mounted on a granite pedestal.

Then, going on up the coast, past the missions of San Luis Rey, San Juan Capistrano, San Gabriel, San Buenaventura and Santa Barbara, along the great highway, known as El Camino Real, following closely the old route of the Franciscans, the traveler comes to the old town of Monterey, and

1770; San Antonio de Padua, July 4, 1771; ducted the ceremony of taking possession of San Gabriel, September 8, 1771; San Luis Obispo, September 1, 1772; San Francisco

Farther north, in San Francisco, the visita de los Dolores, October 9, 1776; San Juan Capistrano, November 1, 1776; Santa Clara, January 18, 1777; San Buenaventura, March 21, 1782, and died August 28, 1784, in San Carlos Mission, Carmel Valley. As the Lord liveth, even what my God saith that will I speak." 2 Chronicles, xviii:13.

"This monument erected by Jane L. Stanford in the year 1891, in memory of Father Junipero Serra, a philanthropist seeking the welfare of the humblest; a hero, daring and ready to sacrifice himself for the good of his fellow beings; a faithful servant of His Master."

There is a majesty about this figure which appeals to one who has visited the

[Town Topics:] Ned: Scribner's last book shows he doesn't think much of kings and queens.

Ted: Just the same he has an eye out for the royalties all the time.

JUNIPERO SERRA HAS MANY MEMORIALS.

[Saturday]

The Illustrated Weekly Magazine

THE PROFESSION THAT SPELLS ROMANCE.

An Engineer's Wife to Her Chum. By Mae Foster Jay.

MY DEAR Edith: You blessed child, what do you know about patching khaki pants? In my mind's eye I have seen you graciously pouring tea in the drawing-room of the rectory—and you must admit that your very warm praises of the young rector justified those visions; again I have pictured you, with well-filled baskets, making the morning round-of-calls with your doctor husband—you had all the symptoms a year ago, and you know it; I have even imagined you moving in college circles; patroness of balls and chaperon of giggling girls, for you must plead guilty to a sudden unaccountable interest, a little while back, in foreign languages. Into any one of these positions you would have stepped gracefully and naturally, without giving your friends a turn.

But you, traveling about the country perched high on a rickety wagon behind kicky mules, or clumsily astride a balky burro; you taking up your abode in unholy places where you neighbor with mountain lions or the brown bear that lives just around the hill; you sleeping in a tent and waking to hear something running around inside it in the night, and to speculate idly on the nature and mission of the unseen beast; you, in "serviceable" togs, tramping over grounds not boulevarded with a shotgun over your shoulder—well my imagination proves inadequate.

You overwhelm me. I sigh and chuckle all in one breath, for I know so well the trying experiences you are going to have. But I wholly rejoice, for I know too that you are going to meet them in the right way, for you have always been a "game little sport," if I may be so inelegant in expression. And some day, my dear, you will be wonderfully surprised when you discover some of the remarkable capabilities of your grandmother cropping out in you.

Now I know you are crinkling your saucy nose and saying, "Pooh!" And you gaze at the picture of this broad-shouldered, tanned individual who is to be your husband, posed there behind his transit in the ever beguiling sombrero, flannel shirt and interesting puttees; you see the attractive row of tents straggling up the picturesque Canyon Bonita. To you it is wholly romantic. And you think of your future as one protracted session of gay camping trips, such as we have had in summers past. Perhaps my letters have influenced you too.

However, when you come to study the situation at close range, you will find some fine distinctions between gypsy life as an outing and gypsy life as a business. I am going to confess to you that there are just a few plain realities included, dreamful as it seems. I do this not to frighten or discourage you, but so that you may enter the new life helpfully. For that big engineer husband of yours may be all undismayed by bears and bulls and bobcats, but a homesick tear is his undoing, and a regretful sigh for luxuries foregone, he cannot face at all.

Get out your dusty Bible, child, and find the little verse about "Whither thou goest" and absorb it until it is a working principle; for all your life you will be going, and mostly you will just lodge—you rarely really live. You must prepare yourself to be always ready to pack up your things and move on at a moment's notice, cheerfully and casually, and with no hysteria over whatever beautiful schemes of things may have been upset.

Do not think that Jack will be to blame for this wanderlust. Heaven knows that he will protest his settling down instincts fervently and frequently enough. Your periods of migration will be determined largely by a pink slip. A pink slip is the romantic method by which an engineer receives the information that his services can be dispensed with. For developmental companies and corporations seem to be forever having to retrench, and have a most interesting way of going to smash just when you have begun to enjoy the comfortable state of stable equilibrium.

Apprehension of this pink slip makes it forever a question whether to buy real furniture and be burdened with it through your vagrant life; or to rent the second hand nondescripts indigenous to the place you have landed in, or to sit all your days in

camp chairs because those you can easily fold up and steal away when the time comes. If you have nothing, you look with envious eyes at your friends' luxurious leather chairs and ivory bedroom suites and are sorely tempted; but when moving day comes you say earnestly, "Thank the Lord I haven't anything!" For if you do have respectable things you loathe every one of them every time you have to pack—and usually end up by selling them for nothing or giving them away.

"If" becomes the weightiest word in your vocabulary. "If we stay here, I shall have linoleum on my kitchen floor," you say. "If you are here on this work long, I shall get new drapes for my windows." "If we are here next summer, we shall screen this porch." You are forever in a quandary whether to have a garden or to live in the weeds; whether to install a heater or to keep on taking baths in a teakettle full of hot water; whether to take a vacation and spend your money, or to stay at home and save it. For Dame Rumor, like the little boy in the old story, delights to call, "Pink Slip, Pink Slip," just for fun, until all too often you become so unbelieving that the real deprivations of that unformidably tinted wolf find your exchequer in a forlorn state.

I have not been afraid to tell you these things, Edith, for I know that even now you spend half your life in a state of indecision—what dress shall you wear, which invitation shall you accept, shall you ask that snappy Marion Tibbets to your party, shall you double two no-trumps, or bid three hearts, where shall you go for the winter, and so on. See you see you are not entirely unprepared to face the Pink Slip unawares.

To become a real comrade in the wholesome, interesting life of this new husband of yours, means, Edith, my dear, that you must acquire a supreme disregard for such mere bagatelles as rain, draught, heat, cold, mud, dust, poison oak, fox tails and canned milk. It means—but how can I tell you this cruellest thing? You used to work Jim Fredericks, in the laboratory, to split your angeworms and arrange them under the microscope for you, didn't you—and to cut up your frogs? And you nearly fainted the day Dr. Spence made you bring him the spotted adder. Away with all such silly scruples, dainty squeamish maiden, for the romance of being an engineer's wife means that you must be the everyday companion of scorpions, tarantulas, lizards, centipedes, and rattlesnakes! And all these neither dead nor laboratory trained—you will become acquainted with them all in their native haunt.

But the very worst bugbear of all, and one to be reckoned every day of your life, is Big Ben. Ruthlessly every morning at 5:30 o'clock he vaunts his tyranny. So while you may, make the most of those leisurely, perfectly appointed 9 o'clock breakfasts, luxury loving little idler, in your bewitching silken morning negligee. All too soon they will be but a pleasant memory, and little Edith will have to crawl out before daylight, reinforce herself by a cold bath for the foggy chill of a shell of a house in a land that never dreamed of a furnace; scramble into a big kitchen apron; concoct an abbreviated breakfast, which will be dispatched with amazing expedition that Jack may get to work on time. You know an engineer works ten hours a day, Edith. Tom is always wishing he were a Greek. How does that prospect appeal to you, pampered little pal of mine?

Oh yes, I know that Jack says he will get his own breakfasts and that you may sleep as long as you please. So does Tom. Well, one morning I tried it. From the kitchen came the unmistakable sounds of an awkward man out of his sphere, and how he hated it pervaded the atmosphere even as far as the bedroom. And Edith, he went round and round that kitchen a hundred times, thump, thump, thump, so fast and loud, back and forth, and back and forth. He sounded like an overworked cook in a messhouse, hustling a soiled diaper for a score of hungry men. I couldn't see why all the fuss over one boiled egg, toast and coffee.

"Tom," I called, "why are you running around so?"

"I'm not running around so," he answered. "Go to sleep."

"I believe I'll come out and help you."

"You do, and I'll put you back. It's cold out here," he said.

So I lay there and had a beautiful rest worrying because he had lighted no fire for himself, and thinking how lonesome it must be out there in the dreary early morning, and wondering why he should have to jump up from the table so many times when I had it completely set the night before. I vow he had done a day's work before he left the house. When I went to the kitchen the unsightly table told a pitiful tale of burnt toast, and eggs not done, and Tom later confessed to me that he forgot to put any coffee into the percolator, so that his stimulating morning beverage was plain boiled water.

In this life one gradually resigns one's self to saving a little in time of plenty, only to spend it in time of pink slip occasioned vacations; to becoming endeared to some one of nature's rarely beautiful spots, only to forsake it for another; to be forever building ideal little houses to leave behind for someone else to live in; to stringing up one's promising sweet peas, and wondering idly who will pick the blossoms; to be constantly making new friends only to sooner or later neglect them. But oh, Edith, the fun we have all this time planning for Some Day, when we shall really settle down—the house we'll build, the books we'll buy, the music we'll hear, the car we'll have, the trips we'll take—well, Some Day will be just brimfull.

And yet, 'tis strange, Edith, how we let that day slip farther and farther into the future. I freely confess to you that when Tom has one of his periodic spells of vowed that he will settle down somewhere, get into business and stay there, I experience a most disturbing inward panic. It soon passes, however, for I know very well he will do no such thing. He may try it for a time—they all do. The world is full of engineers who have dropped a few slowly earned thousands at ranching or mining or contracting, but sooner or later—and wiser—we all are sure to come back to our nomadic calling.

We are become two hopeless vagabonds. Perhaps living in divers places has unfitted us for establishing a permanent home; perhaps we realize that were we to settle on the coasts, there would come the longing for the desert's peculiar charm; on the mountain we would grow restless for the valley; in the tropics we would dream of the snows of Alaska. We have been uprooted so many times that our roots do not function normally any more—I fear they are fast becoming rudimentary organs.

Have I disillusioned you, Edith? Are all your pretty ideals gone to smash? They will grow again, more substantial than before. As I told you, you will surprise your own self some day. The time will come when you will be proud to discover that you can be content with a temporary ice chest built of a soap box, a gunny sack and a leaky tin can; that you can bump along in a Ford and think complacently of the Pierce Arrow you used to drive so smoothly down Michigan boulevard; that you can hold up your head in a last year's model bonnet, and wonder distinterestedly whether skirts are narrow or full this season.

That reminds me. Be sure to investigate the delicate matter of proper apparel before you ever go home to visit lest you repeat my embarrassing experience. One time I had noticed suspicious suppressed merriment in the eyes of that impish sister of mine from the moment I alighted from the train. No sooner were we in our car than she exploded in one of her spasms of uncontrollable mirth.

"G' matter?" I demanded.

"Oh, Ginger, you do look so awfully funny," she giggled.

She is the infallible criterion of the latest thing out, herself. All at once I began to feel like the darkeerotype of my great aunt in the old family album. At home the family escorted me into the house with grateful glances up and down the empty street. The dragsmoker, in a specially called session, saved the family honor. I had arrived home in my going away suit of two years before, which had Jain use-

less in my trunk in the meantime. It was moderately full and flaring, very sensible and sanitary, clearing the ground by a good six inches. When I left it had been unanimously pronounced extremely smart; when I returned it was positively indecent and a disgrace to the family. It appeared that skirts should now sweep the ground, and be hobbled.

Since you will never have a chance to grow tired of any one thing or condition, you will always maintain your freshness of feeling, dear. A protracted exile to the country makes you just ache for the city; and when you get there once more you thrill with the feel of a real sidewalk under your feet, gaze rapturously at the magnificent lights, linger in the erstwhile tiresome shops and "oh" and "ah" in ecstasy, pore over the menu in the cafe with shocking enthusiasm, and at the mediocre variety show assure at least the people around you their money's worth. Then before you have a chance to become blasé with too much civilization, you are hurried off to the woods again, and the chances are you will cavort like a spring lamb, so glad will you be to get back.

In this profession you will find the most worth-while friends in the world. Engineering people are openhearted and informal and sincere. No engineer will ever tell you he bought a Ford instead of a Packard because he considered the springs of the former superior. He is, simply, frankly, avowedly poor—his poverty is as much a part of his profession as his transit. A hostess among us will not sweetly urge your husband to have another piece of pie when all the time there is no more—she says right out that the pie is all gone (perhaps she has learned from experience that your husband always will have another piece of pie.)

Do not fear that your life will be devoid of good times, dear, even in our barbarian haunts pink teas, joy rides and fox trots are not entirely unknown. And in the common things in these bypaths of the world you will find permanent interest; in the far from artificial life of the real folks in these strange communities you will find real romance.

And sometime, when Jack has to go so far out of the world that you cannot possibly go too, and you are packed off home to stay for ten long months, and you constantly see other lucky, laughing women on the street, and in the theater, or at the dance, who actually have husbands to take them there, and you grow horribly envious and longing and wonder if such acme of happiness can really exist in this lonesome world; when the old living-room at home, especially on Sunday afternoons, becomes just a chamber of tantalizing memories, and the vine sheltered hammock on the back porch a thing you doggedly shun; when you spend week ends with old friends again and some one is always remarking, "Now if Jack were only here, wouldn't it be just like old times!" When everywhere, all the time, there persists in you that same unquietable restlessness; then you will know that it is far easier to be off in the wilds with Jack and lonesome for civilization than it is to be surfeited with the pleasures of cities and surrounded with friends legion and lonesome for Jack. You will know then that there is no place too heathenish and crude for you to endure if that own man of yours is there to make it livable, and that there is no hardship in the world like the hardship of separation.

I suppose you are blinking your eyes in very surprised fashion at this unprecedented epistolary departure of mine, Edith. I have reassured you, I fear, much after the delicately tactful manner of a neighbor of ours—when I sprained my foot one day she cried, "Oh I know a woman who hurt herself in exactly that spot, and she never took another step in her life." I hope I have not trumpeted unbeautiful reality so blatantly as to disturb that romanticism of love's young dream. Do not be dismayed by all my calamity howling, prospective "no," but the sun-chubby bundle to a stick, and make ready to join this happy-go-lucky colony of respectable vagabonds.

(With much love, GINGER.)

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Second Page

128 Pages
NET - 16 PAGES

The Apothecary of a Coward. By Thomas J. Davis.

AMONG UNSEEN TERRORS OF THE DARK.

now approached the bed and bent very slowly over Johnson's body. Now, the very instant that Johnson recognized his visitor as an actual living being, his fear left him. He had rehearsed just such a scene as this many times before in his imagination. He knew what he would do. When Wilson's body stooped to a certain angle, he would strike him with his fist between the eyes so hard as to knock him senseless. Calmly he waited as the burglar's head dropped lower and lower. Then, just at the proper instant, Johnson's fist shot upward, and landing right where Red Wilson's forehead should have been, encountered only the airy nothingness of a dissipated illusion. Once again relief had come at the moment of greatest danger. Once again it had come when the danger that threatened assumed a definite form and character. And once again it had come, not from some outside agency, but from his own inner resources.

One other incident, which had occurred a few months before he applied for work at the logging camp, had testified even more positively to the subjectivity of his fears and of the only power that could break their hold upon him. He had been kicked from a moving freight train at night in the wilds of Wyoming and had landed in the sagebrush many miles from a human habitation. As the next train would not be along before morning, he knew that there was nothing for him to do but to spend the night alone in the desert. He built a little fire out of dry sagebrush, placed a pile of the resinous firewood where he could reach it when needed, draped his coat over his shoulders, and curled around the fire. Sleep would not come near him. Instead came fear, inexplicable but inexorable as ever. The steel rails of the track, stretching for miles and miles in either direction, glittered in the moonlight. All around him was the sagebrush, and far out toward the distant horizon were the mountains, which impressed him, not as mountains usually did, as living, sentient beings, but as extinct volcanoes from which all life had fled centuries before. Above, the stars twinkled unconcernedly, utterly oblivious to the fact that he was 2000 miles from home, sick, hungry, and dead broke. Not a sound arose to break the stillness of the evening, except when the fire crackled or when out toward the

mountains a hungry coyote gave voice to his dismal howl! All nature seemed to have withdrawn from him, and the solitude of the night inclosed him in an isolation that struck terror to his heart. He was a deserted ship adrift upon an empty ocean, a speck of dust floating in a world of vacuum, a lone star wandering through space unplaneted. All this he felt dimly as, in utter loneliness of spirit, he stretched out his hands to the heavens and cried, "I am afraid. I want to go home." Then in answer to his cry, in words as distinct as any words he had ever heard, a voice spoke, not in anger but in disappointment, saying, "Fear not. You shall go home, but I wish you had shown more courage."

Then Johnson knew, not that a voice had spoken to him from the sagebrush, or the mountains, or the stars, or from beyond the stars, but that he had been standing in the tribunal of his own soul and that the verdict was, "Tried in the scales and found wanting." Then he knew that once again he had escaped from an overpowering fear in the moment of greatest agony. He knew that once again release from the danger that seemed to threaten him had come when that danger had been clothed with a definite form—not this time the form of a polar bear, as in his boyhood dream, nor the form of a desperate burglar, as in his waking hallucination, but the form of a physical loneliness, a mental isolation, and a spiritual desertion which had found concrete expression in the cry, "I want to go home." He knew that once again relief had come not from without but from within, from the secret resources of his own spirit.

But Johnson was still a coward. Indeed, as swiftly and involuntarily he reviewed the frightful experience of his life and the ineffectual efforts he had made to escape from the net which his cowardice had woven around him, it seemed to him that he was a greater coward than ever before. Fear gripped him tight. He would not, could not advance. He dared not face the unknown dangers ahead. And yet pride and his will, which all these years had stood him in good stead, urged him to go forward and endure the terrible ordeal.

At length, slowly, hesitatingly, as one who fears to go but dares not tarry, he entered the forest and started down the nar-

row path. The first miles through the winter woods were dark and still, but this was absolute darkness and stillness indescribable. He could stretch out his hands and touch the rough bark of the huge trees, which stood in close array like silent sentries in the road to hell. Their bough-topped trunks towered upward a hundred feet or more, but they might just as well have soared for miles—he could not see an inch above his head, in front, behind, in any direction.

At first Johnson advanced cautiously, groping his way from step to step, and pausing frequently to look and listen. But as he penetrated deeper into the forest, his terror grew. He hurried forward recklessly, and soon, insane with fear, he broke into a panic-stricken run, dashing himself against the trees, plunging into the underbrush, and sprawling over heavy roots, which outcropped here and there across the path—the feet of Satan's sentries thrust between his legs. On and on he rushed in headlong flight without thought or will until suddenly he perceived that he was not alone. By his side, step for step, pause for pause, and spurt for spurt, one whom he could not see or hear but who nevertheless he felt was there, kept pace with him.

Now somehow Johnson knew that this was the crisis of his life; now or never he must win his fight. And with that knowledge came sanity and strength. He stopped abruptly, and though trembling with fright faced the presence by his side.

"Why?" questioned the invisible stranger mildly, "why do you rush like a mad man along this narrow road?"

"I am afraid," Johnson replied.

"Afraid of what? Of bears? There isn't a bear within ten miles, and if one should chance to cross your path, he'd run from you in fear. Afraid of Indians? There are no Indians on this peninsula. Besides, the Indians of Washington have lost their love for scalps."

"I am afraid," Johnson insisted.

"Afraid of thieves or violent men? The woods are empty as a sinking ship. Afraid of ghosts? Why should the souls of dead men want to injure you? Afraid of Satan and the hosts of hell? Of evil forces and of entities without substance, life or form?"

You give them power by your thoughts. They have no power otherwise. "I am afraid," he whispered, lifting his face. "I am afraid of fear."

"Fear not," the presence answered in a triumphant voice. "God is. I am. There is none besides."

Now Johnson had often protested to himself that all his fears were groundless; but his protest, lacking in emotional and moral power, had failed to reach the depths of consciousness in which his fears were entrenched. But the retrospective vision which had come to him as he hesitated at the entrance to the forest and which had for the first time clearly revealed the common inner origin of all his boyhood terrors, his childish dreams and the hallucinations of later years, had aroused dormant psychic forces and had prepared him for the spiritual awakening which even then he had felt impending. Besides, Johnson always had contended that other powers were at work that night, transcendent powers, which swallowed up his weakness in their strength and crowned his darkest hour with a glorious victory.

Be all that as it may, as his abject confession, "I am afraid of fear," stripped the frightful garments from the demon which had ruined his whole life, and revealed the empty nothingness beneath, he experienced a wonderful feeling of relief. Fear left him in a flash. Peace and courage filled his heart. And when he heard the presence answer, "God is. I am. There is none besides," he perceived that the woods were luminous with a strange white light, and looking upward, he beheld as in a mirror his own face.

Eagerly, with joy ineffable, as though he saw the face of one whom he had loved and thought that he had lost, he whispered softly, "Who are you?"

"I am Earl Johnson, whom you hide beneath the shadows of your mortal self. God is. I am. There is none besides."

The strange light vanished. The woods were wrapped in an indescribable stillness and in darkness absolute. Along the narrow, crooked path, the trees stood in close array like sentries on the road from hell. But Earl Johnson, with head erect and unerring feet, walked calmly through the forest to the logging camp.

The Love Adventures of Sandy Hobbs.

BY KARL R. COOLIDGE.

I'M TELLIN' you that when a perfectly normal man holdin' four aces drops out on a four-bit raise, and that when this same individual walks off deliberate leavin' a full nose pint flask in conspicuous sight of a bunch of dry throaty cow-waddies, and most especially—when this hein' gets so far off his feed that he isn't shovin' up his plate for a fourth or fifth helpin', then I'm tellin' you that this peculiar person has discovered that a certain organ on the left side of his anatomy has another job besides pumpin' blood up and down his system.

Anhow, that's the way the bunch get to sittin' Sandy Hobbs, and one day when I catches him pickin' wild flowers and confidin' his troubles to them, I shoves the question point blank at him, askin' if he ain't in love. He colors up like a Nevada sunset, gets as fidgety as a two-year-old, and then, whimperin'-like, bellows out that I'm on the right trail.

Delvin' into details, he's a sayin' as how when he was over at White River for the mail last week he'd seen her first. He was tyin' up his bronc outside the postoffice, and cussin' careless-like because it was so hot, when she come trapesin' out and says "Oh"— kinda shocked by his language, which I'm here to tell you ain't none too good when it's workin' smooth. He'd told her that he wasn't knowing that there was any wimmin' folks within shoutin' distance, and all swelled up with bashfulness, he'd offered to buy her an ice cream soddy to sorts square things and when she'd accepted he'd introduced himself and had ambled alongside her to a concessionary parlor. Right here I'm for statin' that when any decent self-respectin' cowpuncher degrades himself so far as to go prancin' into an ice cream saloon, imaginin' that he's enjoyin' hisself, well—you can lay your last chew of tough tobacco that he sure has been struck by Cupid's stings. Funny, enyhow, what love and conniption bliss will do to a man. Here —so help them John Jackrabbit—and then remarks that every man should take it is was Sandy, reckoned about the best little divulges the whole paraphernalia of two-handed drinkar in the Cochise region, thing. We're all likin' Sandy, and pretty tie to her.

quick we're unanimous agreed that Sandy's the kind of a man that eny woman ought to be proud to hitch her name to, and seemin' as he's dead set on obtainin' her, that it's our duty to help him along.

Now Sandy ain't what you could call a handsome man, or even none good lookin', but he has that kind of a homely face that's good to look at, and which same is full up with honestess. Moreover, he's plumb loaded with good traits. He can drink more regular hicker than a sheepherder, and yet But, as some writin' author says, this is meanderin'.

Sighin' like the summer wind rustlin'

through a potato patch, Sandy goes on and

describes her to me, and I learn that she's sort of an angel, Venus-de-milie-oh, and goddess, all mixed up in a bunch, and that her name's Tina Graham. Seems from what she's told him that she'd been an orphan all her life, never havin' had a father or mother to grow her up, and that she'd just finished

hannin' her out at the Doc Billings's pretendin' a

sore throat, which it ain't, and as he startin'

to shuffle some things together for me, in

walks Tina. We're introduced, and as I'm

takin' her lily-like hand in my calloused and

sinful paw I see that Sandy's description

hasn't flattered her once. Me—I can hardly

keep my eyes off her, and I finds myself

figurin' to double-cross Sandy myself. But

ever since the time that Sandy slipped me

that ace under the table, over at Mill

Brown's shack, I'm considerin' that I owe

him a heap of gratitude, and means to show

it. So while the Doc is busy stirrin' up some

stuff that he doesn't know much about, I'm

talkin' with Tina, and casual-like, gets

around to Sandy. I starts easy at first, but

then, workin' up, I boosts him up into the

blue sky.

"When it comes to cow-waddying," I'm

sayin', "there ain't none in this county that

can touch him. He can sit in the middle of

anything that chews alfalfa for a livin', and

as for ropin'—well, they say that he can

rope a calf so far off that by the time it's

dragged in it'll be a milk cow with two

calves."

I dwells eloquent on the jonesome life of a

wearied cowpuncher on the dreary plains, and

then remarks that every man should take it is

the duty to pick out a self-respectin' wife and

"Sandy," I adds, "is just like a desert rose, bloomin' around for some fair hand to pick him and put him in the vase of maturin' money. I've known him ever since he took his first drink of hicker, which sorts paints natural to him, seemin' as his father kicked in from an overflow of mescal, and exceptin' that he shot a fellow once that didn't like the color of his shirt, he's always been as peaceful as a horned toad, and just about as scary of wimmin'."

Watchin' close, I can see that I've got her interested, and then sudden-like, an idea jumps up out of the dust and smacks me in the face.

At first it most takes my breath away, but then I manages to tell her that the boys are kinda worried about Sandy, that his health seems to be droppin' off and that he's wastin' away. That he seems to have a touch of consumption, that his heart ain't none too good, and that the chances are he's on the verge of typhoid. She's at once statin' that he ought to be taken care of and nursed back to health and happiness, all of which I agrees with her, and I adds that the boys have been tryin' and urg'in' him to come over and get cured up, but he's oblique-like, and says that life really ain't worth livin' much enyhow.

So I ride back to camp, restin' assured that I've got her feelin' thoughtful-like, and then in the corral I lets the boys in on the general run of things. Beginnin' that night we starts tellin' Sandy that he's sure lookin' bad, and that he needs a bunch of nursin' and doctorin'. We works on him all evenin', and by mornin', at the chuck table, Sandy's that bad startin' that he can't drink his eye opener, and puttin' my manly hand on his manly brow I snorts in alarm, and solemnly tells him that I'm willin' to bet that his temperature is close around 140 in the shade, which same don't help him feel none better.

A couple of days passes up, with us all the time alitudin' to his death-like appearance, and one day, after Sandy has caught

(CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY)

UNDE

There
will, Raif
S. Kelly,
F. E. T.
Frederick
B. Turner C.
Arla W.
C. Graw
Olema, N.
Ward, Jr.
Mc.

There
will, Raif
S. Kelly,
F. E. T.
Frederick
B. Turner C.
Arla W.
C. Graw
Olema, N.
Ward, Jr.
Mc.

GOOD SHORT STORIES FROM EVERYWHERE.

Compiled for the Illustrated Weekly.

Is It?

A COUNTRY vicar advertised for an "eligible" to make himself useful, etc., in his grounds and garden. A likely candidate turned up and, after being questioned upon several points, the vicar said to him:

"You know, we are all vegetarians here, and if I engage you I should like you to conform to our rules. Could you?"

The applicant entered into a brown study, and then at last he replied:

"I think so, sir; but I should like to ask an important question first. Do you reckon beer a vegetable?"—[Tit-Bits.]

Two Unbalanced Accounts.

A WELL-KNOWN business man in Lawrence, Mass., once had a customer who contracted a debt that ran along unpaid for a year or more, and even several letters failed to bring about a settlement.

One day, while glancing over the religious notices in a local paper, the business man saw something that gave him a new idea. He went to his desk and wrote the following note to the debtor:

"My dear Sir: I see in the local press that you are to deliver an address on Friday evening before the Y.M.C.A. on 'The Sinner's Unbalanced Account.' I inclose yours, as yet unbalanced, and trust that I may have the pleasure of attending your lecture."—[Youth's Companion.]

The Wise Husband.

M R. BARTON lived in a suburban town. His wife asked him to purchase a shirtwaist for her while in New York. After telling the salesgirl what he was after, she displayed a number.

"Here are some very pretty ones. What color do you prefer?" she said.

"It doesn't make any difference," replied Mr. Barton.

"Doesn't make any difference!" exclaimed the salesgirl. "Why, don't you think your wife would like a certain color?"

"No, it makes no difference what color I get or what size. I shall have to come back tomorrow to have it changed."—[New York Times.]

A Splendid Bargain.

T HE clerk was up to his ears in persols. He was a good salesman, had a rare command of language, and knew how to expatiate on the best points of the goods he sold. As he picked up a parasol from a box on the counter and opened it he struck an attitude of admiration and said:

"Now there! Look at that silk! Isn't it lovely? Particularly observe the quality, the finish, the general effect. Feel it. Pass your hand over it. No nonsense about this parasol is there?"

"No," said the lady, "it has worn well. That is my old one. I just laid it down here."—[New York Times.]

A Good Argument.

A S HE dislikes motorcars, a country squire always kept good horses. Recently, he bought a handsome mare, and a few days later asked his groom what he thought of the new arrival.

"She's a fine-looking animal, sir," replied the man, "but I'm afraid she's a bit touchy."

"Why do you think so?" questioned the squire.

"She doesn't seem to take to no one, sir. She can't bear me to go into her box to groom her."

"Oh, she'll settle down in a few days," the squire reassured him. "Everything's strange to her, you know. I don't think there's much wrong with her temper."

"Nor didn't I at first, sir," replied the groom. "But, you see, she's kicked me out o' that there box twice already, and, when you come to think of it, that's very convincin'."—[Argonaut.]

Squishing a Dealer.

"CAN I sell you some antiques, sir?"

"What have you in stock?"

"I've got a chair George Washington sat in, a cradle Jenny Lind was rocked in, a

mirror used by Catherine the Great of Russia, and—"

"Say no more. These things are comparatively modern."

"But consider, sir—"

"I want some real antiques. In fact, I am anxious to acquire the set of tools used by Noah in building the ark."—[Brooklyn Citizen.]

Feared He'd be Angry.

S HE was a muscular young Amazon from the wilds of Hoxton, and she was doing war work down at the old farm.

One morning the farmer's wife, passing a belt of trees, which the Amazon was learning to fell, found her in tears.

"What's the matter, Annie?"

Annie fingered the ax dolefully. "I've been and cut down the wrong tree, and I'm afraid the master'll be awful wild."

"Oh, that's all right, my girl. He understands that you're new to the work and you've got to learn. We all make mistakes sometimes. I'll go and explain matters to him. Where is he—in the cowshed?"

"No, mum. 'E's under the tree!"—[London Answer.]

All Right.

T EACHER: Now, boys, I want to see if any of you can make a complete sentence out of two words, both having the same sound to the ear.

First Boy: I can, Miss Smith.

Teacher: Very well, Robert. Let us hear your sentence.

First Boy: Write, right.

Teacher: Very good.

Second Boy: Miss Smith, I can beat that. I can make three words of it—Wright, write right.

Third boy (excitedly:) Hear this: Wright, write rite right.—[Tit-Bits.]

The Braggers.

"I BET my father has killed more people than your father has," said the boy in the sailor hat. "My father is captain of a battleship."

"That's nothin'," retorted the boy in the red sweater. "My father's chauffeur of a United States mail truck."—[Pittsburgh Dispatch.]

New Methods.

A N ENTERPRISING man opened a shop. It was next door to a man who kept a shop of the same description, but who was not very pushing in his business methods, preferring to jog along in the old conservative way.

The methods of the newcomer, however, caused the old trader to wake up, and, with the spirit of originality strong upon him, he affixed a notice over his shop with the words:

"Established fifty years," painted in large letters.

Next day the newcomer replied to this with a notice over his shop to the following effect:

"Established yesterday; no old stock."—[Pittsburgh Dispatch.]

His Golden Wedding.

U P AND down the village street walked old Tompkins, dressed all in his Sunday best and with a clean collar on.

"Hello, old fellow!" a friend hailed him.

"Aren't you working today?"

"No," replied the old man, proudly. "I'm celebrating my golden wedding."

"Really? Then you've been married fifty years?"

"Yes, I have."

"Then, where's Mrs. Tompkins? Isn't she celebrating, too?"

"The present Mrs. Tompkins," the old man coldly retorted the idle questioner, "has nothing to do with it."—[Pittsburgh Dispatch.]

Riding With a Chicken.

N EAL McLEASTER, who is employed at the Hill Crest farm, three miles west of Columbus, had an errand to perform. He jumped into his automobile and drove to Columbus, then went four miles east and returned. He stopped at a restaurant

to get some lunch. Boese and Wood, policemen, sauntered past.

"I heard a chicken," said Boese.

"That was a man," Wood replied.

"I don't mean that kind of a chicken," Boese insisted. "I mean a chicken with feathers."

They investigated and found a White Plymouth Rock pullet on the rear axle of McLeaster's machine. They called him out and asked him seriously what he knew about joy riding with chickens. McLeaster indignantly denied the charge, and contended that he had been out on legitimate business. Then the policemen pointed to the chicken, and McLeaster gave up. He said it was the first time he ever took a chicken riding when the chicken insisted on using the rear axle as a seat.—[Indianapolis News.]

No Danger for Him.

T HE old salt who took small parties out by the hour in his cockleshell boat had been much annoyed by the loud and fatuous remarks of 'Arry, who had come down for the day.

When just beyond the mile limit the old wreck began to leak. The boatman, however, reassured the party—told them that there was no danger and was confident that they would reach the shore before the leak developed. To allay any further fears, he handed around lifebelts. The party consisted of five and there were only four belts.

"Hi! Where's mine?" asked the terrified cockney, who had dropped all his cheerful chipping of the old salt.

"Don't you worry, my lad!" said the boatman. "You don't need no lifebelt! A feller with an 'ead as 'oller as you'n can't sink!"—[Chicago News.]

Thought Aunt Already Saved.

AUNT BEATRICE was engaged. Bessie

A had been allowed to attend the betrothal party. That night she shortened her prayers by dropping the beloved aunt's name from her lengthy petition. Her mother was shocked.

"Why didn't you pray for Aunt Beatrice tonight?" she said.

"I didn't suppose she needed to be prayed for now she is engaged," said Bessie.—[New York Times.]

Aren't Men Awful?

O H. GEORGE," said Mrs. Bridge, "on your way downtown this morning will you stop at the grocer's and order two pounds of butter and a half-pound of tea and some crackers?"

"Yes, my dear."

"And would you mind leaving my skirt at the tailor's as you go by?"

"Yes, my dear."

"And then go to the milkman's and tell him to leave an extra pint of cream tomorrow?"

"Yes, my dear."

"And when you get to your office will you call up my sister in Winchester and tell her I'll be over Tuesday? They don't charge you for calls there."

"Yes, my dear; and say, wife, would you mind sowing up this little rip in my coat before I start?"

"Good land! Aren't you men terrible? You're always wanting something done!"—[Pittsburgh Dispatch.]

Shadows of History.

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR," read

"landed in England in 1066 A. D."

"What does A. D. stand for?" inquired the teacher.

The small boy pondered.

"I don't exactly know," he said. "May be it's after dark."—[New York Times.]

No Synonym for English.

A FIERCE Scottish nationalist who lives

among his English friends in a state of chronic protest pricked up his ears in the railway compartment on hearing the word "English."

"There ye go again," he grumbled. The speaker apologized.

"You don't know what I said, Mac, so

I'll repeat it and revise it at the same time. The chief fault of the British is lack of self-assertion."

"Mac," looked around, and when he saw everybody else was smiling, condescended to see the joke himself and smiled, too. He even proceeded to make a handsome admission.

"After all, neither Walter Scott nor Thomas Carlyle would have said he wrote British."—[Pittsburgh Dispatch.]

Getting Even.

N OW, what do you want?" asked the sharp-tempered woman.

"I called to see if I could sell you some bakin' powder, ma'am," said the seedy gentleman with the staggering whiskers.

"Well, you can't sell no bakin' powder here, and I ain't got no time to waste on peddlers, anyway."

"Come to think of it, ma'am," said the seedy gentleman, as he fastened his bag. "I wouldn't care to sell you any powder. This poky little kitchen of yours is so low in the cellar that the bread wouldn't have no chance to rise."—[Pittsburgh Dispatch.]

The Difference.

"W ELL, George," said the president of the company to old George, "how goes it?"

"Fair to middlin', sir," George answered.

"Me an' this here hoss," George said, suddenly, "has worked for your firm sixteen years."

"Well, well," said the president, thinking a little guiltily of George's salary. "And I suppose you are both pretty highly valued, George, eh?"

"H'm," said George, "the both of us was took sick last week, and they got a doctor for the hoss, but they just docked my pay."—[Home Companion.]

Leaping the Gate.

[A. J. R., in Minneapolis Journal:] So many poets and poetesses came into this office with their wares, that the management finally placed a fence and a gate across the passageway to the penitentia. I had a scornful habit of placing one hand on this gate and leaping lightly over, to the shame of all fat contemporaries. But one day "a friend" left the gate just unlatched and swingful. In all the pride of young manhood, I placed a scornful hand thereon and aimed myself mightily at the ceiling.

So imperfect a recording instrument is the carnal human mind, that I have never been able to recall hitting the floor. I dimly remember being high in air, the planet receding rapidly under me, the floor uplifted and the ceiling warped out of place. The first thing I really get a conscious grip on is the act of collecting myself from various parts of the lobby and patching myself together by an exert of will. Several sections of integument were missing and a kneecap or two, but on the whole, barring a few days' limp and a tendency to distrust in the denial of the validity of matter that had stood me in good stead for so long, I was all right.

But oh, how all my fat friends laughed! And how gay and full of persiflage were all the old office wrecks and meat-eaters of the last twenty years who still survived and who could not have jumped over a half-burned match in order to have escaped down the stairway, had the main office caught fire!

A Traveled Bag of Gold.

[Philadelphia Public Ledger:] After traveling sixteen years, during which time it covered thousands of miles, a sack of gold dust mailed in 1899, today has been delivered to Christopher Lalone in Watertown, N. Y. It has been trailing him for years, but he was always just ahead of it.

The gold was started on its journey at Dawson City, Alaska, and was part of the first taken from a new mine. The first address attached to the sack was Schenectady, where Lalone was living. Before it arrived he had left and the gold was sent back to Dawson City. Unclaimed it lay there until a friend learned Lalone was in Terre Haute, Ind. There it was sent, but too late. Later it went to Seattle, Southern California, Alaska and finally back to the East.

THE FAMILY PRIDE OF MARY BARTON.

[Illustration on page 18.]

Wednesday,

THE CALL OF CALIFORNIA'S MOUNTAINS.*

Over Cloudland Trails. By Stephen H. Willard.

ABOUT midway of the long and varied State of California, and some hundred and fifty miles from where the blue waters of the placid Pacific break on its delightful shore, lies the land of our greatest height, the range of the Sierra Nevada.

It is a land of magnificent heights and awful depths, of rock-rimmed canyons and snow-clad summits; a land of rosy alpenglow mirrored in the crystal clear waters of glacial lakes, of wild torrents, and awful silences. The unquestioned royalty of these magnificent mountains is well bespoken by their awful silence, their awful majesty.

On Whitney's Summit.

On the top of a continent! Yes, on the very roof of the United States! As we stand on old Whitney's top, the one thing uppermost in our minds is our position above all that panorama of magnificent mountain peaks, and the supreme elevation of this king of American mountains. Everything lies below us. Snow-clad peaks that are themselves remarkable for their extreme height, appear as mere hills, and to the east, the desert lies so far below us as to baffle conception of the distance intervening. The sky has that deep, clear, indescribable blue, approaching blackness, that is so characteristic of this land of high elevations, and the rarity of the air that caused our shortness of breath during the long ascent, is now stimulating and invigorating.

To the north, west and south, the panorama of royal mountains stretch away from us. Northward, the mountains in the Kings-Kern divide shut off all the peaks in that direction, except the famous Palisades, themselves high enough to dominate the entire range for thirty miles in either direction. At the foot of the divide the everlasting snows give birth to the waters that go to make up the river of the Kern.

To the west, sparsely forested areas roll away into the Canyon of the Kern, where the emerald waters of that stream plunge and roar on their southward journey. Across the Kern Canyon, the Black Kaweahs stand in the sheer wall of the Great Western Divide, like teeth in the saw blade of some giant woodsman.

Looking southward to the foot of Mt. Whitney, Twin Lakes appear like gems set in garnet against the ramparts of Mt. Hitchcock, one of the lesser mountains. Over this mountain and farther to the south the range becomes lower, and is finally lost to vision in the forested areas rolling away toward the Tehachapi, and foothills of the Sierras.

But on turning to the East, an abyss yawns at our feet. It is Lone Pine Canyon, and Whitney drops into it with a sheer precipice of some 3000 feet. We gaze down into the headwaters of this canyon, and see the milky, opalescent blue of Crystal Lake, and on down to where sparse timber begins at an elevation permitting its growth. Our eyes follow the canyon on down to where the creek emerges from the mountains and traces its way across the desert, accompanied by a fringe of willows, until it is finally lost in the sands.

We look out over the desert trough of the valley of the Owens River, over the dry lomas known as the Alabama Hills, to where the little town of Lone Pine sleeps in the shadow of Mt. Whitney, and on, across, into the brown mystery of the desert Inyo Mountains, exquisitely veiled in opalescent haze, as only desert mountains can be veiled.

Down the valley to the south, the brackish waters of the Bitter Lake reflect the blue of the desert sky, and over the lake the outline of the distant Panamints melts away into the vastness of the immeasurable Mojave.

Finally, unable to comprehend the supreme magnificence of all that we have seen, we begin the descent, literally stunned by the sublimity of it all.

Into the Desert.

Down, down, forever down, the steep trail winds away from Whitney's top. The desert, spread before us like a map, is our destination, but we scarce can realize that several hours are necessary to make the drop from those snow-clad summits and frozen lakes, to where the foothills, soft and warm, open out into the brown desert. On

and on, we slide down the trail, with the packs on the animals forever slipping up on their shoulders. Gradually the air becomes warmer and warmer, as we approach the heat of the desert.

Finally we emerge from the narrow crack of a canyon, pass out through the brown foothills and lomas, off of the washes from the mountains, and into the open desert. And then, the appearance of the country that we have just left! A sheer wall of rock reaching into the very clouds, lost in lilac haze, and almost overhanging in its stupendous height.

Under the shadow of this gigantic wall we journey northward through the sage and greasewood, and come at evening to where the waters of Pine Creek rush pell-mell from the mountains, and tumble on down the slope to where Independence dreams away its time under the eternal blue of the desert sky.

Here we camp, at the foot of the old Kearsarge trail, and in the incense from the burning sage in our campfire, we fancy we see the Indians going back and forth once more over this oldest of Sierra trails.

Over the Kearsarge.

Ascending the eastern slope of the Sierras was well expressed by a friend of mine, while once climbing the old Kearsarge trail. "You have to climb to get up these mountains, no matter what trail you take," he said, and it is certainly true. The eastern trails leading up to the high passes are one long, weary drag, up, up, up, 8000 feet from the desert with its fragrant sage and soft, gray distances, till you reach the ice-bound lakes, on the top of the continent.

The Kearsarge trail leads away from the desert, up a steep slope, and soon the view is cut off as it enters a canyon, where the ascent is begun in earnest. An old mining road is followed for several miles, and we can conjure up a picture of the ore-laden wagons, creaking down the steep slope with all brakes set. The rusty stamp mills still stand in old Kearsarge city, relics of the days of gold, the days of "forty-nine." Gradually pine and fir displace the sage and cottonwoods of the lower elevations, and about half way up the ascent we come out into a lovely meadow—Onion Valley. Farther up the trail we come upon one after another of an exquisite chain of lakes. Matlock, Flower and Heart lakes, they are called, and the ramparts of the main range tower sheer above their banks.

Near the top of the range, on the old Kearsarge trail, there is a lake of deepest blue. The Indians say it has no bottom, and that might well be so, as its blue is of the deepest, purest, kind. It has no visible inlet or outlet, and as the mountains drop almost sheer into it on all sides, the unromantic Americans have named it "The Pothole." On account of the great elevation, ice floats upon its surface nearly all summer long, and in seasons of cool summer, never melts.

The trail winds high above the northern brink of the Pothole, and tops the range at the Kearsarge Pass, a few hundred feet above the placid, icebound water of the lake. Then, to the southwest, what a view! For a background, the Kings-Kern Divide, stern and unyielding, for a foreground the needle-sharp Kearsarge Pinnacles, with the chain of blue Kearsarge lakes at their feet, like a row of gems locked in the fastness of the mountains. Far down below the Kearsarge chain, shimmers that wonder lake of the Sierras, known as Bullfrog. Over Bullfrog Lake, but in the distance, stands Brewer, the Mount Magnificent, menacing, mocking, challenging us.

Down the trail toward Bullfrog we start, away from the chilly, wind-swept ridge. Soon we are off the loose talus slope, and once more in the stunted Foxtail pine of the high altitudes. Some two miles from the summit we come out on the grassy shore of Bullfrog Lake, and circling its northern shore, we get a magnificent view of the mountains to the south. First, East Vidette, a perfect story book mountain, rises above the Bubba Creek Canyon, and dominates the entire view. Behind the Vidette stands the Kings-Kern Divide, and to the east, University Peak thrusts its outline against the sky. Behind us, and to the north, the slopes of Mt. Rixford and Gould rise precipitately from the water's edge to soft and warm, to our own camp, we feel

their summits, 12,000 feet above the sea, strongly the personality of the mountains and wonder at their vague charm.

Why do the mountains call us back to them, with a lure too strong to resist? Is it the enchantment of things too vast and mighty to comprehend, and the sheer beauty of pure lakes in their setting of stern, snow-clad peaks? Is it the threat of the jagged peaks, challenging our return, or the perfect peace of the secluded meadows, with the scent of wild flowers, and music of cow-bells in the encircling wood? Or is it the rosy alpenglow over those snow-clad summits and rock-rimmed canyons, and the blue haze that fill the valleys toward evening? Perhaps it is the cheery crackle of the campfire, and the rush of the stream nearby, lulling us into a sound night's sleep. Who knows whether it is the freedom of the awful silences, or the homing instinct of man, demanding that he walk again familiar trails, see once more familiar camping places, and hear again the rapping of the woodpecker in the lonely forest?

Many know the call, but who can explain it?

Pan-American Union.

SUBJECT OF THE HALFTONE ILLUSTRATIONS ON PAGE 17.

The upper picture on page 17 of this magazine presents the Pan-American Building in Washington, which is the home of the Pan-American Union, the official international organization of the twenty-one American republics devoted to the development of commerce, friendship and peace among them. This noble building, constructed entirely of white marble, and its beautiful grounds, represent an investment of \$1,100,000. The greatest living French architect has described the building as combining beauty of architecture and usefulness of purpose, for its cost, more than any other public edifice in the world. It is literally the Capitol of the Western Hemisphere in the national capital of the United States, for there meets regularly within its walls the governing board of the Pan-American Union, which is the actual Congress of all the American republics, composed of the Secretary of State of the United States and the Latin-American Ambassadors and Ministers in Washington. This board has the unique distinction of being the only permanent international peace council in the world, while the building and the organization is the only one in the world controlled jointly by a large group of nations. In its practical everyday work the Pan-American Union is a great international bureau of information. Its director-general is John Barrett, former United States Minister to Argentina, and its assistant director, Francisco J. Yanes of Venezuela.

The lower picture shows the governing board of the Pan-American Union, the official international organization of the twenty-one American republics, as they were seated around the great mahogany table in their assembly room in the beautiful Pan-American Building on the occasion of their first winter meeting, November 1, 1916.

Beginning with Secretary of State Robert Lansing, chairman ex-officio, who sits at the head of the table, the eight persons seated or standing on the left of the table are, in order, as follows: Rómulo S. Naón, Ambassador of Argentina; Carlos M. de Péna, Minister of Uruguay; John Barrett, director-general of the Pan-American Union; Solón Méndez, Minister of Haiti; Santos A. Domínguez, Minister of Venezuela; M. de Freyre y Santander, Chargé d'Affaires of Peru; Gustavo Muñizaga Varela, Chargé d'Affaires of Chile; and Francisco J. Yanes, assistant director of the Pan-American Union. Beginning with the Brazilian Ambassador, Domicio de Gama, who is seated on the right of Secretary Lansing, the eight on the right side of the table are, in order, as follows: Ignacio Calderon, Minister of Bolivia; Joaquín Méndez, Minister of Guatemala; Alberto Membretto, Minister of Honduras; Gonzalo S. Cordero, Minister of Ecuador; C. M. de Céspedes, Minister of Cuba; Rafael Zaldivar, Minister of Salvador; Joaquín Cuadra Zavala, Chargé d'Affaires of Nicaragua; and J. E. Lefevre, Chargé d'Affaires of Panama. Unavoidably absent were the Ministers of Colombia, Paraguay, Costa Rica, and the Dominican Republic. The Ambassador of Mexico had not presented his credentials.

*See illustration on page 18.

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Exact Change. By Gertrude Overgaard.

MANAGER FINDS HIS LOYALTY MISPLACED.

ERNEST HOLBROOK, manager for Garner & Co., stopped before Annette Stoner's desk on his way to his own. "The Kelly-Stiger people have offered me an advance of two hundred a year."

"Will you go?" It was understood between them that Annette was to give up her place as Mr. Garner's stenographer and they were to be married as soon as Ernest had an increase in salary.

"They are going to hold it open for me a few days," replied Holbrook. "But I don't see how I can leave the old man, much as we need the lift. He depends on me more now that the business is larger."

"He wouldn't say that."

"But he does. He's uncommunicative and short-spoken, but he has his good points. For one thing, he has taught me all I know about the supply business. I owe him something for that."

Annette avoided the honest eyes which sought hers for encouragement in the course, which, though against his inclination, Ernest Holbrook felt to be his duty.

"He owes you for giving ten years of your life to help build up his business," she contended. "And what has he done for you in those ten years that wasn't just for his own interest? You are manager, but he'll never put you beyond that. Mr. Garner accepts your loyalty as a matter of course and if you asked for any recognition of what you have done to build up the business, he'd drop you like an old shoe."

"I don't think so," Holbrook squared his shoulders. "Mr. Garner is as loyal to me as I am to him."

Annette shrugged, skeptically, and fitted a fresh sheet into her machine. "He thinks your salary pays you for all you do. He's the kind of man who keeps the authority all in his own hands and trusts nobody but himself. In the ten years you have worked for him, not a man has ever been advanced beyond a clerkship."

"No one has stayed long enough."

"That's it. They could do better somewhere else. He can't see that he would help his own business by trusting more to his men. I don't want to be selfish," she added, "or unloyal to Mr. Garner, but I think you are making a mistake. The Kelly-Stiger people are progressive."

A tall man with a sidling walk which made him appear shorter than he was, climbed from a car in front of the store and walked toward the entrance.

"Here's Mr. Garner now. I must talk with him." Holbrook lowered his voice and met Annette's eyes, pleadingly. "I couldn't break with him just because a rival concern offers me a raise in salary. It wouldn't be right."

Annette seated herself before her machine with a sigh, while Ernest followed his employer into the private office.

"Something for you, Holbrook?" The head of the supply company took his place at the big desk and began turning over some order-sheets.

Holbrook closed the door. "It's about the new man, Alex Carpenter."

"Isn't he doing all right?" Garner's sidelong glance was not reassuring.

"I know it looks ugly for me to make a complaint after my objection when you hired him," Holbrook apologized. "He has proven himself a good salesman, and may be all right."

"What's the trouble, then?" Garner dismissed further discussion with a gesture.

"When I went past the building about 10 o'clock last night, I heard the chug of an engine in the alley. Alex and his brother were back there with an old car they were repairing. The store door was open and a box of spark-plugs, a carburetor, and two new lamps were piled on the back steps. It looked suspicious. I asked Alex what he was doing and he said that you had given him permission to take the stuff. Is that right?"

Mr. Garner leaned back in his chair while his eyes narrowed. "What did you know about Alex Carpenter before he came here?" he drawled.

"Nothing. Like you, I had never seen him until the day he drifted in and asked for work."

"But you dislike him."

"Not that, exactly. I sized him up when he asked for a job. He didn't look you square in the eye. I was afraid he wasn't straight."

Garnet smiled, sarcastically. "So you said at the time, but I don't consider that sufficient reason for letting him out. I've never hired a man yet that wouldn't bear watching. Since Carpenter is here, I'll let him stick until I get something more definite against him than your prejudice. He'll probably settle for the stuff he got last night," he added with an assumption of indifference. "I'll be sure I'm right before I brand him a thief."

Garnet returned to his papers with a nod of dismissal and Ernest Holbrook left the room in silence. There had been nothing personal against the new man in anything he had done. The interests of his employer had been his only consideration. He was hurt that his motives should be questioned, but he felt that Mr. Garner was right to wait until he was perfectly sure before condemning any one. He considered a strong sense of justice one of Mr. Garner's admirable qualities.

As he returned to the salesroom, he encountered the new clerk in the main aisle which commanded a view of the private office.

"Thought it was up to you to report what you saw last night, did you?" He jerked his head in the direction from which Holbrook had come. "Well, did you succeed in getting me fired?"

"No, I didn't. Mr. Garner believes you intend to pay for the stuff."

"Here's where I win out," laughed Alex. He tossed a careless shock of black hair which typified his happy-go-lucky attitude. "The old guy hired me against your advice and he isn't going to allow you to beat him on judgment. Sure I intend to pay for the stuff. You watch my smoke for the next few days. I'll pay for it with interest."

"I'm glad to hear it," said Holbrook, seriously. "It's easy enough to hold a job, if you do the right thing."

"Wilt away on the advice," retorted Alex. "Never copped a thing in your whole life, nix? Look out, beau, somebody will see how much you think of yourself and put something over on you."

"Don't get fresh, young man," warned Holbrook. "Mr. Garner won't stand for that."

"Report it and see if he will," twitted Carpenter, looking back with a grin as he swung down the aisle.

Holbrook tried not to be annoyed during the day by the new clerk's mocking manner. He waited on his share of the customers and paid no attention to the work of his fellow-salesmen. He could not help noticing, however, that when Alex Carpenter brought his cash to the register, on more than one occasion, he mentioned the amount of the purchase and then registered short. Each time, after doing this, he looked at Holbrook with a jeering laugh.

"He does it only when I am near by to see," Ernest decided, "and thinks I'll report it. If I did, and we counted the cash, we'd find he had added the remainder when I'm not around. I won't be caught by his tricks."

It was difficult not to show impatience with such behavior, but he managed to get through the day without a clash, although Carpenter's conduct was exceedingly annoying.

Holbrook told Annette about it as they walked home together. "He wanted me to think he was knocking down, so that I would report him and get caught again. But I was on to his game and didn't bite."

"But what if he was knocking down?" returned Annette. "A fellow like that is just cute enough to appreciate the situation and take advantage of it."

"He would hardly be so bold. I saw him register short on exact change a dozen times today."

"You can't tell what he'll do, since you say he knows that Mr. Garner is going to keep him regardless of what you think of him."

"Mr. Garner isn't going to do that," defended Holbrook. "He only wants to be fair to everyone."

"Fair!" she scorned. "When he would rather let a man steal from him than to acknowledge that an employee's judgment is reliable. You feel that you owe him your whole duty and that is all he cares," she complained. "To give up the chance of a better place for such a man is false loyalty."

They came to the widow Stoner's door

and Holbrook took Annette's hands. In the early darkness of the winter evening their parting was secure from observation. "Don't worry, Annie," he whispered. "You'll see everything will come out all right. One of these days Mr. Garner will do something handsome for me."

Annette brushed away a tear. "And it won't be half what you deserve."

When he returned to the store the next morning, Holbrook was summoned to the private office.

"I thought I had better allay your suspicions in regard to Alex Carpenter," Mr. Garner informed him, coldly. "He came in last night and settled for the repairs on his brother's car. The things on his list are the same as you reported."

"He settled for them!"

"He did, certainly. Better look to your own p's and q's, Holbrook, before you are so keen on suspecting the other fellow. A strictly honest man finds enough to do if he minds his own business."

"I'll try to do that in the future," said Holbrook.

Garnet lifted his hand in dismissal. "See that you do."

As he went out of the door, Holbrook passed a well-dressed stranger going in. The man's keen side-glance gave him a repetition of the tingling sensation he had experienced under Mr. Garner's advice, "Look to your own p's and q's."

"I'll certainly do it," he told himself. "This suspicion business is getting on my nerves."

Throughout the day, however, he could not escape the unpleasant impression of the morning. Even the customers seemed to have a suspicious attitude. He was distinctly conscious that several of them, after making a purchase, walked to the back of the store and as they returned glanced at the cash register before leaving.

He kept to his resolution not to let Alex Carpenter's behavior affect him, although he realized that the young man was still bent on annoying him. His mocking expression was particularly noticeable on his trips to the front of the store to record his sales on the cash register. On one of these he looked straight at Holbrook and laughed aloud although nothing funny was going on.

By 6 o'clock the manager's nerves were pretty well frayed. He helped Annette on with her coat and prepared to leave at once, thankful that the day was over.

"It may be just my imagination," he remarked, "but it seemed to me there was a queer gang in here this afternoon. At first I thought it might mean a hold-up. Every new set of them had the same careless way of looking the place over."

"Could they be friends of Alex Carpenter?" Annette asked.

"I don't think so. It may be that Mr. Garner is having him watched after all. I hadn't thought of that solution of the mystery."

The girl laughed. "You'll always find something to Mr. Garner's credit, Ernest."

A bell in the private office rang, insistently. "All the other fellows have gone into the shipping room. I'll answer it," Holbrook hurried away, telling Annette to wait for him.

Mr. Garner was alone in his office and when Holbrook entered, motioned him to close the door. "You're just the man I want to see," he said. "You made a report yesterday that I was being robbed?"

"I thought you were," Holbrook sat down. Garner's lip curled, unpleasantly. "Well, I was, but not by the man you accused. You remember I said then you had better look to yourself. I guess my judgment isn't so deficient. At least in your case I managed to tip off the facts. Your game is up. I've got figures on your today's steals."

Holbrook sprang to his feet. "Any time you catch me stealing, you don't," he scolded. "What do you mean, anyway?"

"I mean that you have been knocking down—registering short on even change sales. You don't need to deny it, figures can't lie."

"No, but in this case they'll have to be proved."

Garnet stepped to the door leading to the smaller room beyond. "Mr. Carter, our friend wants to see your figures."

The man whom Holbrook had passed that morning entered with an open note book in his hand, and advanced to the desk.

"Here they are. Three instances of short registry under one cash register today. Your register letter is A, is it not?"

"It is." Although he turned pale, Holbrook's eyes were unflinching.

"What have you got to say to that?" sneered Garner.

"What have you got to say to that?" sneered Garner.

"What have you got to say to that?" sneered Garner.

"You needn't bluff," Garner struck the table, angrily. "Turn over the \$7.20 we've got against you and I'll give you your pay envelope."

"I haven't got any of your money," retorted Holbrook. "But I'll go. First, though, I've got to be shown. I won't go branded as a thief."

Mr. Carter extended his memorandum for Holbrook's inspection. "There is nothing personal in our work," he said. "We buy the goods and the clerk registers his identity with the purchase. We don't know the men or their letters apart."

"That's all right," interrupted Holbrook, impatiently.

"Here's the proof," the detective went on. "Our lady agents happened to be the purchasers when you registered short. Perhaps you remember them—a short woman wearing glasses, and a thin one with white hair." He read aloud,

"A can of body polish, 80 cents, registered 60 cents. A pair of corrugated dimmers, \$2, registered \$2; one tire \$14, registered, \$9."

"I haven't sold a tire today," exclaimed Holbrook.

Mr. Carter laughed, softly. "You've forgotten it, my boy, but the lady will remember you."

"Send for her," the manager challenged, "I know I haven't sold one."

The detective called up his agency, and after a short wait, two women whom Holbrook recognized as having been part of his suspicious "gang" were admitted to the room.

"Did you do any trading with this man today?" Mr. Carter indicated Holbrook.

The younger woman answered, "Yes, sir."

"Report it."

She took a memorandum from her bag and read, "Bought of light man, apparently manager, bae tire tool, 50 cents; one wrench, 50 cents. Amount, \$1. Registered \$1."

"Was that all?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you?" The detective questioned her companion who was consulting a list from her alligator-skin purse.

She shook her head. "Nothing."

" Didn't you buy a tire?"

"Not from him." The second woman read from her card. "Bought of dark man, one tire, \$14; registered \$9."

"I, too, have something against the dark clerk," interrupted the other. "One can of body polish, 80 cents; registered 60 cents. Afterward I got interested in a new kind of dimmer and bought a pair for \$2. The dark fellow registered them at \$2. We congratulated ourselves for having spotted him when we entered the store for the one we'd catch."

"But his letter is D," objected Mr. Garner. "And the register tape records these sales as being made by A."

"We'd know that man anywhere." The women remained firm.

"Please send for your other salesman, Mr. Garner," requested the detective.

When Alex Carpenter appeared he was immediately recognized by the women as the dark man who had registered short.

"What is your sales letter?" asked Mr. Carter.

Alex, who had manifested a surly reluctance to join the party, maintained a resentful silence and Mr. Garner answered for him,

"His letter is D."

"Sol!" Mr. Carter nodded, his eyes on Alex, who stood sulily defiant. "Such an occurrence is not unusual with us."

"The tape registers these amounts as plain as a machine can make it: A, 60 cents; A, \$2; A, \$9. How do you account for that?"

"D used A's drawer when registering his shorts," replied Mr. Carter. "It's a favorite way of covering up a trail."

Garner turned upon Alex. "How long has

(CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY)



SUNDAY MORNING

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CALIFORNIA AND THE THREE AMERICAS

The Future Great Commercial Empire.

Glimpses of the Glories of Some of California's Mountains.



The Kings River in South Fork Canyon.



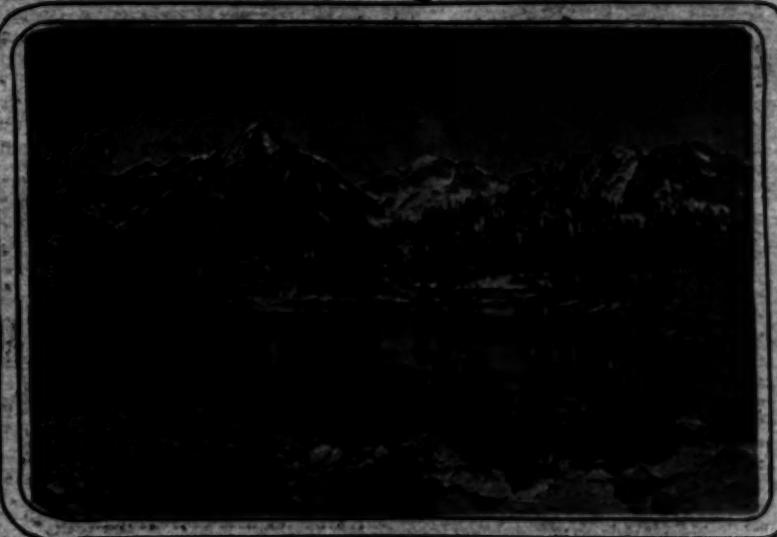
'The Pothole.'



Brewer, the mount magnificent.



Sentinel Meadow, Kings River Canyon.



Bullfrog, the wonder lake.

Kings-Kern Divide, Kearsarge Pinnacles
with Kearsarge Lakes at their feet

Kings River Canyon

See text on page 14.

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"The lands of the sun smile the soul."

Outside and Inside of the Pan-American Building.



The Pan-American Building, Washington D.C.



Gathering Board of Pan-American Union

May

SUMMARY.

MONDAY. Clear. Wind at
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Another report see last

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